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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Ayr has clipped the wings which the sentimentalists, or the spiritualists, thought they had observed sprouting somewhere under Mr. Lloyd George's coat. Mr. Balfour in a philosophic vein once declared that he did not attach a great deal of importance to bye-elections. Liberals are now trying to think the same. But it is not what the politicians think of the bye-elections, it is what the bye-electors think of the politicians that really matters. It is odd that clever men should so often overlook this absolute truth. The number of people in Ayr who do not want the Government may not be so large as the number of people in Captain Mark Sykes' constituency—where, according to the "Evening News", seven thousand out of eight thousand electors have protested against the Insurance Bill!—still it is large. Ayr has given the Government its Christmas box straight between the eyes.

With Oldham in the North, Somerset in the West, and Ayr in Scotland up in arms or votes against the Government, the danger of the Irish and Welsh and Labour parties forcing their Government followers to throw down everything worth keeping up is sensibly lessened. No doubt the Government are arguing with themselves that as soon as the Chancellor of the Exchequer is forgotten, they will rally: and certainly the question at each of these elections was Mr. Lloyd George's Bill. But—if we may adopt Lord Morley's fine phrase—"The Bill is, the Bill stands". No, the rally is not yet, and whilst Mr. Bonar Law sends his nice reminding telegrams about, the public is not likely to forget. The whole Liberal party and their allies have fallen into the tureen of hot soup which was to refresh "the People". There they are stewing in Lloyd Georgian juice.

After Mr. Asquith's speech against woman suffrage last week, and Mr. Lloyd George's and Sir E. Grey's for it this week, we suggest as a new and true name for the Government "The Yes and No Cabinet".

Mr. F. E. Smith was in great form at Barnstaple on Tuesday. Nothing could be much funnier than his parallel passages from Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George and Sir E. Grey on woman suffrage. Truly it is a pretty tall order that a fundamental organic change in the constitution—a revolution going deeper than anything merely political—a change not guessed at by the country at last election, should be carried in the shelter of the Parliament Act against the will of the Prime Minister. What has government in this country come to? Where is the Government? Woman suffrage, if carried, will be carried neither by people nor peers nor the executive. Ours is a democracy without demos; a tyranny, whose tyrant is wagged by "little Navy lunatics, Pecksniffs and Snodgrasses", or would be, did not we Unionists save him.

The male suffragette who flung a despatch-case weighing seven pounds at Mr. Lloyd George last Saturday consoled himself that the injury inflicted was small, and Mr. Lloyd George, in giving evidence, was quite anxious to get the prisoner off with a light sentence. But the consequences might easily have been serious. Already the suffragettes have knocked in Mr. Asquith's hat, threatened Mr. Churchill with a whip, lamed Mr. Birrell, and only just missed blinding Mr. Lloyd George. For this last assault there was not even what an Irishman might call a decent political excuse. Mr. Lloyd George was driving away from a meeting, where with Sir Edward Grey he had just given a send-off to the Woman Suffrage campaign on behalf of their amendment to the Government Bill of next session. The thing was inexcusable; and even if it were not, there was no excuse.

There can be very little doubt that the Insurance Act would make an end of this Government had the country a chance to speak at this moment. The doctors could be trusted to give the last push and shooting the Government over the precipice. The Queen's Hall meeting was not mere rowdiness; the men who were

so much excited that night were not students or politicians, but middle-aged professional men wanting only a fair chance to earn a decent living by professional practice. The uproar in this case really does show intensity of feeling. The indignation at the Council of the British Medical Association is a domestic matter one need not inquire into closely; but Sir Victor Horsley himself and his colleagues admit the case against the Act and the Government. It seems pretty clear that the doctors mean business. They are right, for if they do not, there will be no business for them; or only exceedingly bad business.

As Sir W. Watson Cheyne said from the chair, "if they were united, they were bound to carry their point. Who was there to replace the profession?" Never has trade union been in stronger position. If the profession strikes, it must get its way. We hope it will, for its interest is also the public interest. Nothing could be worse for the public than a starved discontented service of doctors. We hope, by the way, that those who are unable to see any good in trade unions, but are hot on the doctors' side against the Act, will note that here is a case of the purest trade union methods working for good. Unorganised, Mr. Lloyd George could have downed the medicals as he would; organised, they can down him.

Large changes have been made in the officering of the London Municipal Reform party. Mr. Hayes Fisher has resigned the leadership—a great loss to the party. Mr. Fisher has brought to the work more statesmanship than any of his predecessors. By his sensible policy he has restored the Council's financial good name, or given it one. Resolutely refusing "wild cat" of every sort, he has yet provided the Council with money for useful work. He has reduced the rate but not starved the services. Happily the party had a capital man to put in his place. Mr. Cyril Jackson has had much administrative experience, and his capacity for work is limitless. Captain Swinton becomes vice-chairman, and Mr. Henry Lygon Chief Whip of the party. Mr. Lygon should be ideal as Chief Whip. The zealous will feel his charm and the slackers may fear his tongue, if not even his fist.

Mr. McKenna has started his new duties with distinction. If he has not yet had a chance, such as Stepney Street or the Dartmoor Shepherd, or the Haywards Heath bench of magistrates offered Mr. Churchill, he is at least involved in an affair of parliamentary honour at the start with Lord Middleton. The account—or accounts—of the negotiations between himself and Lord Middleton is so technical as to be quite unintelligible to the public. Technical questions are often, virtually, questions of taste. Mr. McKenna's admirers will believe absolutely in all that Mr. McKenna says—just as they believed in those week-end wars he waged till the Prime Minister asked him for his sword. But Mr. McKenna's queue is somewhat limited, and his perky assurance does not convince us all. Moreover, it is a sign of no rare strength when a Cabinet Minister—not perhaps a great Minister, but at least a Minister in a great office—rushes to the Press with his explanations.

Mr. McKenna is eager to prove that, thanks to the action of Lord Middleton and the Lords, the London police are to be robbed of their day of rest. Codlin—or perhaps it should be Coddling—of the Liberal party is the policeman's true friend! Frankly, we suspect that if Mr. McKenna came out on behalf of the London police, he is staying out on behalf of the Liberal party. Mr. McKenna is above all a good party man. It was—obviously—because he was so good at party that he was given high office. It is his business, out of hours at any rate, to convert the London police to Liberalism. But it is a pity when great officials—for Mr. McKenna is a great official, one of the greatest in the world—mix up, inextricably, party loyalty and national duty.

Meanwhile Mr. McKenna has a still more unpleasant affair with Lord Charles Beresford. Put in compressed form, Lord Charles said that Mr. McKenna had got "the sack": now Mr. McKenna, according to an alleged letter to his agent, retorts that Lord Charles never even got the job. When pleasantries like this pass there is danger, as Captain McTurk thought, in that glorious story "S. Ronan's Well", of the parties not having time to wait till the ground is measured out. We have no knowledge why Mr. McKenna left the Admiralty. Some may suggest that whereas poor Lord Tweedmouth went because he had too much correspondence with the German Emperor, Mr. McKenna went because he refused to have any correspondence at all with the Emperor. For ourselves, we are content to believe that Mr. McKenna went to the Home Office because he was such a terrific success at sea, whilst Mr. Churchill went to the Admiralty because he was such a terrific success on land.

Lord Haldane's duel with Lord Roberts has been entertaining. But it is clear that the soldier has come off best; although of course Lord Roberts' standpoint in these discussions is always weakened by the remembrance that in his day of power and influence he accomplished little or nothing towards putting our military problem on a more satisfactory footing. Very truly he maintains that, not only are we unprepared for war, but that in the matter of guns and rifles we are out of date, and hopelessly behind other nations in aviation. France possesses 200 aeroplanes, and Germany is striving hard to emulate her. We offer £75 to encourage aviating recruits!

The main point of Lord Roberts' attack was the Territorial force, which he characterises as a costly sham. Lord Haldane reiterates all the old platitudes about the Territorials being enthusiasts, and thus better than men serving compulsorily. But after the figures recently presented to Parliament, it is difficult to see where the enthusiasm comes in. Abetted by Sir John French, who, where a War Minister is concerned, appears to have no mind of his own, he continues to cling to all the old Territorial myths, long after everybody else has realised their futility.

It is a pity people who like hard brilliant phrasing do not read some of the English prose writers of the sixteenth century. They would find it a relief from the pap that passes often for preciousness to-day. One of those old writers makes light of an "Italianate" type of Englishman who posed then. At least as absurd a figure is the cosmopolised Englishman who is parading to-day. The outcry about the "annexation" of Sollum, and the terrific type on some of the Radical posters in which it was announced early this week, is a good example. The inkpot dovescots of Bouverie Street were in a flutter about this "startling" action by England in Tripoli. They discovered Sollum, a new bit of the earth, and, as a jester has said, they sollumised it. But it happens this great coup is as old at least as 1904. It is merely a discreet act of isolating from the war what has long been regarded as Egyptian soil. So much for Democracy in foreign affairs: once more it has found in a thistle a forest tree.

When Lowe warned the House that it could have Democracy at any time, perhaps even he did not imagine Democracy in foreign affairs. But Mr. Ramsay Macdonald can tell another tale. He was sent to Parliament to look after factory questions and hours of work. But he is looking after India and the rest of the world. Mr. Macdonald just now prefers the Levant to Labour. He is not going to upset the Foreign Secretary: his ambition soars higher; he is going to upset the Foreign Office. The old bad, secret, aristocratic system, if we gather his views aright, must go. We foresee the day when, with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald on the Front Bench very near the brass-bound box, the Ambassadors and First Secretaries of Legation and attachés will be pensioned off. With Mr. Keir Hardie at Rome to keep Italy straight, and Mr. Ben Tillett in Berlin to disarm German suspicions, we shall then be near, indeed, the millennium.

It will probably come about through the whole of the civilised world entering into a Holy Alliance against this country: for of all the dabblers who ever dabbled in public affairs the people who are now calling for a foreign policy for "The People" are surely the most wonderful. The old diplomatists may have striven to set other nations by the ears. If that was wicked, what of the policy of the newest diplomatists who would set all the nations at the throat of one—their own? The truth is obvious—it would be just as wise to put the men with the pickaxe and the shovel over the Foreign Office as to put the Foreign Office over the men with the pickaxe and shovel. We venture to think that if this were put to Mr. Thomas Burt, the wisest Labour M.P. who ever sat in the House, he would agree.

But perhaps the height of the ridiculous is only reached when Mr. Ramsay Macdonald sublimely demands a return in foreign policy to "classic Liberalism". What precisely is meant by classic here, we do not know, but we think it likely that, if Mr. Macdonald would cut the classics, and come to plain, working English, he would say he wished a return to Mr. Gladstone's Bulgarian way. Unfortunately for the classics, a return to that policy may connote a return to those many little wars all over the world for which Liberalism was so famed at that humanitarian period. It has long been a moot question whether the Gladstonian policy was more famous for its making of small wars or its making of small peers.

The debate in the French Chamber on the Franco-German Treaty has ended in a very large majority—393 to 36—for the Government, as everyone expected. It was not credible that France would reject seven-eighths of the cake because she could not have the whole. M. de Mun's speech was in his finest style, but it certainly was not "business". The Colonial group grumble because Spain has not been shut out altogether, but even our Foreign Office is not so wedded to the Entente as to be willing to throw over Spain. The Prime Minister's references to the Entente were somewhat frigid, and he left many matters, on which there was some curiosity, unexplained. There is clearly little enthusiasm for the Treaty, and 150 Deputies refrained from voting. The Deputies for constituencies on the Eastern frontier handed in a declaration, which was read aloud, against any arrangement being made with Germany which might be taken as a rapprochement.

Sir Edwin Pears seems at last to have lost faith in his protégés, and admits that the state of affairs in Macedonia is "as bad as it was in the Hamidian days". A great many well-informed people have been saying this for a long time. In fact we have recognised that the views of Sir Edwin represented the triumph of faith over experience. His error was, however, a generous one. But he warns us that trouble is really brewing this time in Macedonia and that ere long Turkey may be confronted with a general rising. This may even be the beginning of the end, especially if, while involved with the Italians, she also finds herself at war with the Russians in Persia, which is far from impossible.

Representations to China have been made in the correctest manner by the Great Powers through the Consuls General. Jointly they urged a speedy understanding in the interests both of China and of foreigners. The answer of Wu Ting-fang was urbane in the extreme: he was a man of peace, and a member of several peace societies. He would do his best. But a peace hastily patched up would only lead to a worse state than the first. At the peace conference on Wednesday, Wu Ting-fang, according to Reuter's official account of the speeches, urged that the revolution must go on: "the people would accept no other form of government than a Republic founded upon the will of the people". The Manchus might remain on a footing of equality with the Chinese, but a term had been put to their dominion.

The account from Peking of the murder of Tuan-fang at Tse-chau in Shanse is very particular and dramatic. Discovering his soldiers were disloyal, runs the telegram, Tuan-fang tried to escape by train with his brother. They were caught by the soldiers, and hacked to pieces. This telegram is, on the face of it, suspect. It is true that there is a railway in Shanse; but Tuan-fang had no business within a hundred miles of it. What could Tuan-fang be doing in Shanse? He had been sent to Szechuan to settle the trouble that had arisen there over imperialising the railway. He had nothing to do in Shanse; and in Szechuan, where he should have been, and where there is another Tse-chau, which might possibly have been confused in the telegram with Tse-chau in Shanse, there is no railway.

President Taft has managed America's little difference with Russia extremely well. It is the old controversy between the countries as to Russian Jews naturalised in America. Himself denouncing the Treaty of 1832, President Taft gains both as politician and statesman. Had he held to the Treaty, Congress would have denounced it over his head. He would have lost credit politically. Moreover, if Congress had denounced the treaty, it would almost certainly have done so in a spirit of blunt hostility. President Taft has done the thing tactfully; and has coupled with his notice that the Treaty must be considered as of no effect from 1 January 1913 a hope that another agreement may be reached "upon bases more perfectly responsive to the interests of both Governments".

Nothing very definite will be heard in India as to native opinion of the Durbar reforms till the King has left. Tongues will be loosened then. The King's reception in Calcutta may show what the feeling is there. So far, however, it is pretty clear that moving the capital to Delhi is popular everywhere but in Bengal. Its popularity in the Rajput and Sikh States, and throughout Upper India generally is particularly marked. H.H. Agha Khan, the head of the Indian Musalmans, has declared emphatically in its favour. In Bengal opinions seem at present divided. The Musalmans are inclined to complain that they have lost the position which they have recently won; but their feelings of late have been rather sore at the spoliation of Turkey and the attitude of the Christian Powers there and in Persia. The Hindu leaders are perplexed. They have lost their old grievance, and are not ready with a fresh one.

An incident of the Durbar to be regretted was the misconduct of the Gaekwar. This graceless Feudatory has learned his ideas of ceremony and a mistaken sense of his own importance in America. The record of Baroda is not a happy one. The ruling family are strangers to the people, and the present ruler owes his position to us. He was a humble village youth, selected as heir by adoption when his predecessor was deposed for an attempt on the life of the Resident and for general misgovernment. His loyalty has been for some years under suspicion. (He has coquetted with the leaders of sedition, including, it seems, the notorious Krishnavarma.) His apology was not sufficient. The offence requires much more serious notice. A reduction of his salute has been suggested, and a restriction on his foreign travel. Lord Curzon had to censure him severely for leaving his dominions in time of famine to indulge in a European tour. He should be tried by a jury of his peers.

On the very conflicting facts as to the collision between the "Hawke" and the "Olympic" the Judge has found every point in favour of the "Hawke". But the "Olympic" escapes from the legal consequences that otherwise would have followed owing to having been under compulsory pilotage. As to this the Judge held that the collision was due solely to the faulty navigation of the pilot; and there was no shadow of foundation for saying that the negligence of any of the owners' servants partly caused it. Whether this should

or should not be so is disputable; but it is on the law as it stands that the owners of the "Olympic" escape paying damages. A Departmental Committee has recommended that this immunity should be abolished.

It is possible to believe, from the way the Court has awarded costs, that there was a certain kind of fault in the "Hawke" for a freedom which is quite allowable by the rules, but which in these days of vast vessels like the "Olympic," in narrow channels, such as the Solent, cannot be taken so safely as in the open sea. The "Hawke" was held not to be exceeding the permitted rate of speed, and not to be an overtaking vessel with a duty to follow a prescribed rule in consequence. Yet there is a sort of implication that she was a bit too insistent on her rights in the circumstances. This is marked by her only getting half her costs in the action brought against her by the "Olympic"; no costs being given in the action against the "Olympic".

An interesting point in the "Hawke's" defence was that she was sucked in by the "Olympic". This was not necessary, as she was held free from blame; but the Judge found, while not taking the view of "suction" in the technical sense, that the forces set up in the water carried her towards the "Olympic" in a swerve which was beyond her control, and that the "Olympic" did not take the proper steps to keep out of the way.

The decision of the Miners' Conference to take a ballot of the men puts off the crisis till Christmas is well past. This is the third big strike, turned aside within the last month, that has threatened the Christmas holiday. The Post Office strike and the railway strike very narrowly missed upsetting Christmas altogether. Even so, the field is not yet clear. It will be a ruffled Christmas at Dundee this year, where the strike of the carters has led to some fierce rioting and the calling in of the Black Watch to keep the peace. More serious is the position of the cotton-workers in Lancashire, hanging between peace and war.

The "Phormio" of Terence was the chosen play this year at Westminster. It is pleasant, in these days of "reform", to hear applause following pat on the delivery of some happy line, and to find an audience taking easily every good point of the old comedy; for, if some of the old jokes are rather obvious, some of the old Latin is not. The boys' acting was awkwardly sincere; they were determined to be quite thorough. Certainly they knew their lines, and made themselves admirably well-heard. But at Westminster the play is not the thing. What we must not miss is the Epilogue to the play—a roaring topical farce, full of bad jokes in execrable, choice Latin.

In English we are tired of the railway strike, the harem skirt, Sidney Street, and the servant stamp. "Conventus Hortus perdita poma gemit" is another matter (Conventus Hortus is irresistible). "Harum certe obstat pars infima: præpediuntur crura vacillanti"—this is in the best manner of Westminster dormitory. Some of the fun is less innocent of sting: "Ni lambo et lambo, ut figatur regis imago. Hic, ægrotanti pensio nulla datur. Sed defis, o gummi". To put Latin into the mouth of a fiercely democratic minister (vidistine ducem quem peto?) is on an occasion like this harmless necessary cruelty. More cruel than this is the confronting of an old shepherd with his benefactor—"rara ovis in terris, nigroque simillimus agno".

There was a little paragraph in the "Times" this week which we fear the Radical Press will not copy nor comment on. It is that Lord Ancaster has abated 10 per cent. of rent on his Lincolnshire farms because his tenants were hurt by the dry summer and want of feed for sheep and cattle. Another Tory tyrant, another "Feudalist"! We wonder what sum per cent. is being abated on the rents of Lord Carrington's or Mr. Walter Runciman's small-holders who have suffered from a dry season. We fear that this sum, whatever it be, will be not enough for these small-holders to buy a Christmas card with, far less a turkey.

THE DOCTORS AND THE INSURANCE ACT.

WHEN a man who is commonly considered mild-mannered and peaceable is seen to be labouring under great indignation, it may generally be assumed with accuracy that he has, in his own opinion at least, a genuine grievance. Similarly, when a profession previously undemonstrative, mute, and enjoying a reputation for some altruism, suddenly breaks out into turbulent meetings, it is not unreasonable to assume a cause of some gravity to explain so singular a departure from the normal. Yet anyone reading the comments of the Government Press upon the meeting of doctors held at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday might imagine that the disorder which marked the meeting was merely an ebullition of those riotous high-spirits which, in print at least, are regarded as the special prerogative of medical students. It is forgotten that the meeting was not composed of medical students, but of busy men of mature years, not prone to loud talking and demonstrations, yet human and capable of feeling exasperated by what they regard as hard usage. The profession is lectured upon the noisiness of the audience, upon its discourtesy towards its leaders, and upon the spirit of self-seeking which the proposals of the Insurance Act have unmasked in a body of men heretofore considered at least as unselfish as any. It is no doubt a pity that the audience declined to hear in their own defence the members of the Council of the British Medical Association; yet a certain amount of turbulence may be forgiven to a man who finds the official of a charitable institution about to remove his furniture (but not his neighbour's) by process of law, in order to liquidate the affairs of the institution concerned. Rightly or wrongly, the doctors consider that the Insurance Act proposes to effect its benevolences at the expense of their brains and pockets to an unfair extent, and they are angry about it. Now an angry man is seldom dignified in his conduct, yet he may have right on his side, none the less; and a brief consideration of the events which have led up to this crisis will suffice to show that the anger and suspicions of the medical profession are not causeless.

Although the breaking of this storm has been sudden, it must not be supposed to be a storm from a clear sky. It has been brewing for months, indeed for years. It had its start in the experience of doctors at the hands of friendly societies. There is little doubt that in the early days of these societies the wretchedly paid work which they offered was undertaken by the doctors in a spirit of charity and for the purpose of encouraging self-help. It is an irony indeed that such benevolence should have had the recoil that we have witnessed. For with time the societies became great and rich, while the medical profession, always unbusinesslike, remained ill-organised and incapable of showing a united front. In consequence, if ever a practitioner serving a "club" or friendly society ventured to protest against the inadequacy of his pay, he was met with the threat that the society would introduce into his district a subsidised competitor in the shape of some struggling young doctor to whom a fixed salary, on almost any terms, offered an irresistible inducement. Often therefore a man continued to carry on the contract portion of his practice, cowed but under protest, and trusting for his bread and butter to his independent patients. After years of such experiences contract practice came to be regarded as a necessity, but a hateful one, and a thing to be avoided as much as might be. Such was the position at the time of the introduction of the Insurance Bill. If there was one fixed idea current among the doctors of this country it was that the officials of the great friendly societies were very hard and powerful taskmasters indeed, and that contract practice under such auspices was a curse to the profession. Into this electric atmosphere came the Insurance Bill, carrying upon its face good evidence that the friendly societies had been abundantly consulted in the framing of it, and the doctors not at all, or negligibly. The latter found themselves threatened with an indefinite extension of the type of

practice which above all others they had learned to loathe, while the administration of the medical benefits conferred by the Bill was to be entrusted to the very men of whose treatment they had so long complained. Somewhat staggered by this impending catastrophe they next discovered that any employed person, no matter what his income, was at liberty to become a voluntary contributor under the Act, and to obtain his doctoring for 7d. a week. They learned that the benevolent Chancellor of the Exchequer intended that his own children should participate in this charity, and that even the dignity of being Governor of the Bank of England would prove no bar to the enjoyment of it. The reader who reflects upon the effect which such provisions would have had upon the profession of medicine will feel little surprise that the author of them became at once suspect from the medical point of view: for it was obvious that a man who with a light heart could make propositions so fatal to medical practice as we know it was capable of anything, since he was clearly ignorant to an abysmal degree of the circumstances of a doctor's life, or wilfully negligent of them.

Suspicious, therefore, and seriously concerned about its future, yet anxious to assist as far as was compatible with self-preservation in what was felt to be a sincere attempt at the relief of suffering, the profession proceeded to formulate certain essential conditions upon which alone it would undertake to serve under the Bill. These formed the six cardinal points of which so much has been heard. Briefly stated, the claims were these:—1. An income limit of £2 a week for those entitled to the medical benefit. 2. Free choice of doctor by the patient. 3. Administration of the medical benefit by local Health Committees, not by the friendly societies. 4. Local option by the profession as regards the method of remuneration; whether, that is to say, payment should be made for work done or assessed on a capitation basis. 5. Adequate remuneration according to the work required. 6. Adequate representation of the profession upon the local committees. Such were the terms upon which the profession unwillingly consented to serve under the Bill. We do not think that an impartial student of the matter will consider these claims an excessive compensation for the total upsetting of the conditions of medical practice, and this in a direction most distasteful to the vast majority of practitioners. Negotiations were set on foot, and after numerous meetings between the Council of the British Medical Association and the Chancellor or his representatives, some of the six points were granted and definitely incorporated in the Bill. Others however were not incorporated, of which some (and notably the burning question of an income limit for beneficiaries under the Act), after having been in the first instance definitely refused, were finally left to be settled locally between the local Health Committees and the doctors of the district. It is in connexion with these undetermined points that the intestine friction within the profession has arisen. The Council of the British Medical Association appears to consider that it has received adequate guarantees for the satisfactory solution of them. The profession as a whole on the other hand believes that the guarantees are totally illusory and that the sectional settlements suggested are foredoomed to end unfavourably for its members. In evidence of the illusory nature of the guarantees it is pointed out that three-fifths of the local Health Committees will be formed by representatives of the insured persons themselves, while the medical representation upon them will never exceed one-tenth and may fall below this figure. This is handing over the administration of medical benefits to the officials of the friendly societies, although they will appear under another name. Again, in response to medical protests, a provision was introduced which appeared to limit voluntary contributors to those whose incomes did not exceed £160 a year. (Not, be it noted, the £104 a year claimed by the profession, but the lowest figure which the Chancellor would incorporate in the Bill.) Yet even this limitation is illusory. The Act says that "no person shall

be entitled to become" a voluntary contributor if his income exceeds £160, yet goes on to say that anyone may continue to be a voluntary contributor after he has contributed for five years, even though he ceases to be qualified in respect of his income. Now it is safe to say that most self-made men earn less than £160 a year for the first five years of their business lives, even though they may attain to £5000 a year by the time they are forty. Yet every man of this kind may continue, to the end of his life, and whatever his degree of affluence, to avail himself of the charity of the Insurance Act.

It is such injustices as these, coupled with an ingrained fear both of friendly society domination and of exploitation at the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that have aroused such signal hostility on the part of a body of men little given to noisy outbursts. It is monstrous that the doctors were not approached with more sympathy and consideration in a matter which touches the very foundations of their professional lives. They are not unjustified in believing that their long sacrifices have been disregarded, and that the position they assumed in a spirit of charity has been taken as the basis for a business rearrangement of their dues. It seems that for once they are united and firm, and all who would prevent the degradation of a noble profession will hope that doctors will firmly decline to prostitute themselves and their brains at the bidding of vicarious philanthropists.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE old toast will hold still. It is not drunk in these days so often as it was; more the pity; but under the growing shadow of attack we imagine it will return into fashion. Where Tories, we had almost said where gentlemen, forgather, the toast of the King will hardly be drunk unfollowed by the toast of Church and State. It is true that in the days when Church and State was a general toast amongst gentlemen, drunk almost as regularly as the "health unto his Majesty"; there was too much that was political about the Church of England and the public conception of it. We do not want to go back to that. The Anglican Church has no necessary connexion with any State; it is no State department. But the mutual support of Church and State is a principle and a practice of priceless importance. Religiously it signifies and realises that religion is not one compartment and the rest of life another. A State officially connected with no religion is as a State religionless. We all know the talk about the State being nothing but the people and so forth; but the State is an entity, a person, outside of the people as a mere crowd of individuals. That entity can have no essential connexion with religion where there is no established Church; certainly it cannot be said to have a religion. It is a common device of disestablishers to assure the world that this is not a religious question but merely political. It will not do: it is a religious question. To say that people can be just as good and just as religious where there is no established Church as where there is, is not to the point. The State is a fact, and the State is non-religious if as a State it does not recognise some religion. What its citizens do individually is a different matter. Say, if you will, that you do not care whether the State as such professes a religion or not; you prefer a secular State. That does not make the question of disestablishment non-religious. The first thing we ought to insist on is that Disestablishment is a religious question. That indirectly it may affect individuals' religion; that it may affect both the Church and the State religiously, all admit.

We believe the disestablishment of any part of the Church of England would be a shock to religion that would be felt throughout Europe and the British Empire. We do not say there may not be places and circumstances in which it may be better to have no established religion; as the less of two evils. It might be a mistake to attempt to establish a religion where

none has ever grown into recognition by the State. We should not say the absence of an established Church is in itself a wrong thing. But the State recognition of religion is the natural order, and, unless very good cause can be shown against, it must stand. That is why most Churchmen would rather see a Christian Church not their own established than none at all. Scottish Episcopalians do not wish to disestablish the Church of Scotland. Naturally they would rather see established the Church which they believe to be true in a sense in which a Presbyterian communion is not. But they much prefer to have the State recognise Presbyterian Christianity than none. They do not want an agnostic State, which is what England, Scotland, or Wales would be if without an established Church. No British country would be anti-Christian like the French State, but with no established Church it must be agnostic. If the Nonconformists were trying to establish Nonconformity, we should respect the Disestablishment campaign much more than we do. That would be a perfectly honest position; we could respect their sincerity and admire their religious zeal, and one would be curious to see how they would settle the question which was the pure thing. But their plea of religious equality bears on its face the stamp of dishonesty. Under what disability does their religion or any of their religions suffer by Establishment or anything that flows from it? How is their conscience wounded? Is not the truth that what is wounded is not their conscience but their social pride? This is the bald fact and it gives an ugly look to the whole Disestablishment business. It may sound uncharitable, but facts are better looked in the face. How many Nonconformists in these days really believe that Church connexion with the State is wrong? How many believe that religion suffers by this "inequality"? The cannot so much as pretend that Nonconformity is persecuted by reason of the Establishment. They can only urge that they suffer under a social ban. Social disability is, no doubt, peculiarly galling to vast numbers; and we do not say that Welsh clergymen in the past and one here or there now may not make himself offensive to Nonconformists. It is oftener the other way, we are very sure. But either way it is not a fine spirit to want to separate Church from State in the hope of redressing private and social grievances.

Very offensive, too, is the talk about "liberation". If we do not want to be liberated from the State, might not our Nonconformist knight-errants leave us alone? We are not grateful for their gallantry. If we are so far gone that we hug our chains and our tyrant, at least our champions should protect our property as well as our person. They should come with clean hands. But they do not. On the contrary they insist that the price of their championship and our liberation shall be that we give up nearly all our property, of which they as citizens are to have their share. This is not quite disinterested well-doing. We should be fools if we were not suspicious of their kind offers of service.

And as to the tyranny of the State, no doubt the State connexion might become tyrannical. If the State insisted on conditions inconsistent with the Christian principle as understood by the Church, the connexion could hardly go on. None the less, dropping it would be a disaster; a disaster to be faced to avoid a worse. So far the State connexion has not been tyrannical, even under the present Ministry, of whom very few are Churchmen. Mr. Asquith has made appointments, almost without exception partisan, it is true, but yet good. He has appointed, on the whole, able and fit men. If we have escaped under this Government, we need hardly fear any other. And we believe there is positive good to the Church in its association with the State. It makes for breadth of character and against excessive clericalism. This Review cannot be accused of anti-clerical bias; but we are sensible of the danger of the clergy of any Church untempered by association with the State becoming self-centred and looking at the world too much from the point of view of their order. We have no doubt

it would be a good thing for the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland if its bishops were appointed by the State.

At this season it is not pleasant to think that a vast number of British Christians are girding themselves up for a campaign to transfer property now held for religion and charity to secular uses. They are striving to deprive the poor man of his legal right to religious ministrations. This will be the most striking result of disestablishment. The poor are aware of it in Wales as elsewhere. It is not the poor, it is not the religious, who are behind disestablishment. Let disestablishment come to them in practical guise, and they will make their influence felt against it. What is the one plausible argument for it? That the Church in Wales is in a minority. Let us have a referendum and see how we stand. It would astonish very many. The next election in Wales will astonish many. Whatever happens, disestablishment will be before the Welsh people visibly, and the result will be that the Unionists will win seats; Radical majorities will be reduced. On this question of numbers, disestablishment is to be decided by the people only of the particular country in which the Church is to be attacked, let us remember this in England. The "Westminster Gazette" on Tuesday last said: "In this matter of an Established Church Wales claims that she is entitled to decide the matter for herself. We agree, and once that claim is conceded, the case for Disestablishment is overwhelmingly conclusive". England makes the same claim, and we hope the "Westminster" and those it stands for will remember to admit the claim, and that it makes the case *against* disestablishment in England conclusive. None the less, it was precisely by the help of Scotch and Welsh votes both that Miall and the other prophets of disestablishment hoped to carry it. One thing all Disestablishers may take as settled. There will be no compromise. To ask the Church to accept disestablishment that she may get better terms when it comes to disendowment is an insult. The Church will not sell herself for shekels.

THE PERSIAN MESS.

THE "Cabinet" apparently is getting control of the situation. If this is so, some relaxing of the tension may be looked for and the immediate occupation of Teheran by Russian troops postponed. That it can be prevented in the end no one can believe. Events for a long time have been shaping themselves in that direction; indeed ever since we allowed Russia to supply Persian financial needs this result became in the end inevitable. The extraordinary blunder of our Foreign Office in 1898 which resulted in the rupture of the financial negotiations with British capitalists then in progress, and the subsequent arrangement in 1900 of a Russian loan was the first sign of our weakening resolution to retain the upper hand in Persian affairs. Up to that time we had kept up a healthy rivalry with Russia for pre-dominance. Since then we have deliberately dropped behind. After the collapse of our loan the Russo-Persian Commercial Treaty of 1902 did grave injury to the Indian tea-trade, and Russian concessionaires acquired the right to build roads from Tabriz to Teheran and from Teheran to Kazvin. Successful efforts, however, were made to preserve our rights in the Persian Gulf by the Curzon demonstration of 1903 and the Lansdowne Declaration in the House of Lords.

If the present crisis had arisen when the jealousy between Russia and ourselves was as acute as it was eight years ago, the results might have been serious enough. The Agreement of 1907 has at all events suspended Anglo-Russian conflict for the time. The existing disorder in Persia is not the result of that Agreement, but it is the immediate outcome of the absurd attempt to impose on an Oriental country a method of Government for which it is completely unsuited. In the development of this insane experiment England has unfortunately played a sympathetic if not an active part. As for the Agreement with Russia, the SATURDAY

REVIEW never professed to like it. Under it this country gave very much more than it received, and, now that the inevitable results are becoming clear, we have to recognise the probability of our Empire marching with that of Russia with the possible extension of her ambitions in the direction of the Gulf with all that it would involve. It is true that the Agreement was partly the outcome of proposals made by Gleadhowe-Newcomen commercial mission of 1904. Their Report, published in 1906, distinctly recommended that a convention should be made with Russia, and Persia be divided into "spheres of influence". This was done, though the division was very unskilfully made on our behalf; we received little but desert and the principal towns fell into the sphere of Russia. The Persian Gulf was specifically omitted and was admitted to be directly under our control.

The Commission in question, which acted on behalf of Indian traders, pointed out that there was no Government at all in the Southern districts of Persia which it investigated. Its advice as to the parcelling out of the country into spheres was mainly, no doubt, inspired by the hope that the result would be the policing of these routes and a consequent growth of trade. In this matter, more than any other since the conclusion of the Agreement, our Foreign Office has failed in its duty. After distinctly stating that we should take it in hand unless the Persians dealt with it at once, we have allowed many months to go by without doing anything. This was due to the demand in our House of Commons that the "Constitutional Government" should be given a chance. Our complacent attitude is at the bottom of most of the trouble to-day. No experienced political student could believe that a Persian "Parliament" was going to restore law and order. This might have been done if a reasonable loan had been advanced by the protecting Powers earlier in the day, and effective supervision of its expenditure set up and a force to ensure order sent into the country. It might also have been necessary to set up some other means of government through which to act. This will have to be done now. One can well believe, though, that the pressure of sentimentalists in Parliament at home made so sensible a course almost impossible to this Government.

Both Russia and this country have suffered in the past from the escapades of ambitious officials removed from the immediate control of the central Government. The advices of our own Minister at Teheran and all available evidence goes to show that the Russian Government has acted loyally, though some of its agents may have been over-zealous. More than once the two Powers made the late Shah adopt the pose of a constitutional monarch. Such an attitude is of course in the end as impossible for an Oriental despot to maintain as it is for his subjects to understand and conduct a "Parliament". Both we and Russia have however been acting for some time as if we believed it were possible. Now however the farce is obviously played out and the Russian troops may within a few hours be en route for Teheran. Effectual Government under the "constitutional régime" has been even more to seek than under the Shahs, and murder, disorder and political persecution even more rife. Followers of the ex-Shah have been put to death without trial and every kind of abuse has been poured on England and Russia. Yet it should not be forgotten that many of the members of this "Parliament" who are now loudest in their attacks on England owe their lives to the protection of our Legation. They have not themselves made any real attempt to reform the country; in fact its reform, except under a strong, just and fearless rule backed up with ready cash, is impossible, and that kind of rule is equally impossible to-day at the hands of Persians. The more cultivated members of the upper class, from whom something was expected, are philosophers or dreamers; the less worthy are effeminate voluptuaries; the lower class are fanatics to a degree that Turks and Arabs are not. The more warlike tribes, like the Bakhtiari, are mostly brigands. The crowning mistake was acquiescence in the

appointment of Mr. Shuster, who possessed neither the tact nor the diplomatic experience required for his place. Even the friends of Persia admit that he has blundered again and again; had he acted reasonably there might have been some prospect of financial reorganisation. The only chance now is to get rid of Mr. Shuster, and that will be done either to stave off a Russian advance or as the result of it.

Further complication arises from the presence of a force of Turks in the North-Western corner of Persia. The Turks have no moral right whatever to be where they are, and their action deprives them of any justification for an appeal against England and Russia. It is true that Persia has not protested against the presence of a Turkish force as she has protested against the Russians. This may be due to the obvious fact that the more ambitious Young Persians have been looking to the Young Turks to establish a Protectorate, and certainly the Turks in the Urmiah district have acted as if they were there with other views than merely to ward off Kurdish raids. They have set up Turkish schools and levied a subsidy on the inhabitants to pay for them besides making the children attend them. Turkish emissaries have also been at work carrying on a pro-Turkish propaganda. A Turkish imbroglia is therefore not unlikely to be superadded to the Persian.

Misgovernment in Persia had long ago reached such a pitch that outside interference in some form or other was bound to arise. The development of our policy since 1898 has unfortunately tended to push us into the background. But, given the Agreement of 1907, it is not easy to see how the preponderating influence of Russia could be avoided. We have made matters much worse by pandering to the so-called constitutional movement. It is absurd to suppose that any country can preserve its independence without money and without an army, as Persia now is. In order to have an effectual buffer state there must be authority within its border capable of preserving such order as is consistent with its degree of civilisation. This we have in Afghanistan. Also it must be able to preserve its own independence in ordinary times, and, in an emergency, with the prospect of assistance from outside. None of these conditions is present in Persia to-day, nor does the character of its people or the progress of events give any reasonable ground for hoping that they ever will be.

THE CITY.

ALTHOUGH holiday influences have reduced the volume of transactions, business on the Stock Exchange has not been without interest this week. The chief feature was the sudden rise of about 13 points in Union-Castle shares on the announcement of the offer of £32 10s. per share by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. and the Elder Dempster Co. for the purpose of amalgamation of the undertakings. The terms on which the Union-Castle shares are to be purchased are equivalent to a sum exceeding £4,000,000, in addition to a payment of £700,000 to Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. on condition that they retire from the management. As the Union-Castle £10 shares have rarely been quoted above 11 there is no doubt that the offer will be accepted with practical unanimity by the shareholders. It is expected that the R.M.S.P. Co. will shortly invite public subscription of capital required to carry out the transaction, which will probably be raised mainly in the form of debenture stock.

Royal Mail ordinary stock has also had a sharp rise of about 18 per cent., partly due to purchases by holders of Union-Castle shares who will be bought out, and partly to buying in anticipation of an excellent annual report for the current year. It is difficult to estimate what the R.M.S.P. Co. is now earning, because so much new tonnage has been acquired during the year; but it is believed that the net earnings will amount to about 9 per cent. on the present outstanding ordinary capital, and that a dividend of 5 per cent. will be paid in respect of the year's operations. It is also anticipated

that the absorption of the Union-Castle line will bring relatively increased earnings, even after the new capital has been raised. Other shipping shares have received attention, notably P. and O. deferred stock, which has advanced sharply despite the loss of the "Delhi". It is believed that this company has arrived at an understanding with the Australian interests controlled by the R.M.S.P. Co. which removes the fears of rate-cutting competition.

Another outstanding feature of the markets was the further improvement in London General Omnibus stock to well over 190. This rise was accompanied by rumours that the fusion with the two Underground railway companies had been finally arranged; but it is understood that although a conference of the directors of the three companies has been held, the board of the L.G.O. Co. are by no means unanimous as to the terms of the scheme, and that the matter has now been postponed until after the holidays.

Still another noteworthy market movement was the recovery in National Telephone deferred stock to the neighbourhood of 130. During the week an impudent attempt to influence the quotations of the stocks of this company was made by means of an anonymous circular, drawn up to look like an official document, suggesting the prices that stockholders are likely to receive when the assets of the company are taken over by the Government at the end of the year. The directors promptly repudiated the document, and probably no one was misled by it. It must be stated, however, that although the figures given in the anonymous circular erred on the side of optimism, it does not follow that the rise in the price of the deferred stock is unjustified. Expert and safe estimates indicate that the current quotation does not entirely discount the price likely to be paid by the Post Office. Other shares in the Industrial market that have been in demand were Associated Portland Cements and Marconi Wireless.

Other departments of the "House" have been comparatively quiet. In the Home Railway section uneasiness regarding the outlook in the coal trade has caused depression, although the general opinion is that there is little justification for the prevailing pessimism. Already estimates of the dividends to be paid on account of the half-year now closing are being worked out, and the prospects are such that prices ought to be adjusted to a higher level before the declarations are made in February.

In Wall Street, Eries have been strong on rumours of purchases for control, while the announcement of a receivership for the Wabash line caused a further decline in the common and preferred stocks. Generally Americans have shown alternate strength and dulness. Canadian railway stocks maintained their firmness. Mining shares have suffered neglect owing to a batch of unsatisfactory Kaffir dividends, while the Rhodesian section does not appear to be wholly pleased with the proposed Goldfields-Rhodesia Exploration amalgamation. Rubber shares have attracted a moderate amount of business, but Oil stock have been depressed by disappointed hopes in regard to the Spies Co., which is experiencing a spell of ill-luck.

INSURANCE.

COMMERCIAL UNION'S NEW SCHEME.

TO the ingenuity of actuaries there is no limit. For life assurance purposes, by which is meant family protection, without-profit policies have hitherto been held in doubtful repute; indeed a consensus of expert opinion had condemned their use, notwithstanding the one manifest advantage they possess—namely, the assurance of a relatively large sum for a moderate premium. There is now no reason to discourage the taking out of such contracts. By paying single premiums in practically such amounts as suit the purse, and at such times as are convenient, a non-participating policy can be made really available for the purposes indicated, and its use can be strongly recommended

to persons who are beginning life on their own account. In the case of a whole-life with-profit policy the sum assured for a stated premium is comparatively small, while an endowment assurance, payable at age sixty, shows a reduction of about 40 per cent. in the amount of the assurance. Immediate considerations, therefore, dictated the purchase of the cheaper contract, but there was always the objection that a change to a superior form of protection involved a great increase in the yearly cost, and the extent of such increase was seldom known until a fresh proposal was made. To the Commercial Union Assurance Company belongs the credit of finding a way out of the maze. The holder of one of its new "Jubilee" policies is in the enviable position of being able to take advantage of every turn of good fortune. For an annual premium of only £17 he can, at age twenty-five next birthday, at once assure for £1000 under a whole-life policy payable at death, and, should his position in life improve, he can, first, limit the time during which premiums are payable, and, secondly, make the sum assured payable to himself in his lifetime.

What the Commercial Union proposes is so extremely simple as to cause one to wonder why the idea did not occur to someone many years ago. Single premiums are used to purchase deferred annuities, instead of a fixed sum as in the case of capital redemption and suchlike policies. In the first illustration given in the prospectus it is shown that at age thirty the policyholder who had assured five years earlier could then, by paying down £44 16s. 9d., completely cancel all premiums due after sixty, or he could effect the same object by five smaller yearly payments, cancelling an integral number of future premiums by each such payment. Naturally the cost would be somewhat greater, but less than £50 spread over a quinquennium would produce the desired result.

Having thus restricted the number of his possible premium payments, the assured would be in a position to take advantage of the second option and convert his limited-payment whole-life policy into an endowment assurance. A first payment of £15 4s. 2d. made at age thirty-five would ensure the £1000 being received by himself should he survive for forty years; a second contribution of £10 1s. 8d. made in the following year would shorten the endowment period by three years, while four more yearly payments of £14 13s. 4d., £13 8s. 10d., £7 17s. 6d., and £9 1s. 8d. respectively would cause the endowment to become due at age sixty-five; five further sums of £10 7s. 6d., £11 15s. 10d., £13 6s., £14 19s. 2d., and £16 17s. 6d., making a total payment of £137 5s. 10d. in the eleven years, would reduce the maturity age to sixty, and by this time the policyholder would be approaching his forty-fifth birthday, being still in the prime of life.

In a scheme of this kind there is of course no compulsion whatever on the policyholder; he can suit his own mood and his own pocket in every respect, so long as the additional sum found in any year suffices to cancel one or more future premiums. Each extra payment secures an equivalent value hereafter, in accordance with the age of the man at the moment of the transaction, and the sum paid to the company, whatever may be its amount, is at once added to the surrender value of the policy. Moreover, fairness as between the assurer and assured is supplemented by fairness as between the policyholders who take advantage of the office. Footnotes appended to the two tables embodied in the prospectus show that the additional payments can be made with equal confidence at any time of the year, discount being allowed at 4 per cent. in order to place all policyholders on an exact equality.

Policyholders are in reality invited to make investments with the company at high rates of compound interest. The ordinary surrender value of such a policy as has been taken for purposes of illustration would be £346 at age sixty, but five payments, amounting to £48 11s. 10d. in all, made between ages twenty-nine and thirty-four, increase the value to £550, the difference of £204 being equivalent to the amount of such

extra payments accumulated at 5½ per cent. per annum. Under the second scheme—conversion to endowment assurance—the reward is even greater, for the surrender value at age sixty is, of course, the full sum assured of £1000. In other words, payments amounting to £137 5s. 10d., made between ages thirty-four and forty-five, add £450 to the surrender value, and the money is accumulated at rather more than 6 per cent. compound interest. For a full understanding of the scheme it is, however, necessary to make a careful study of the prospectus, which is of a somewhat elaborate character.

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE.

By JOHN PALMER.

THERE has just appeared in the newspapers an announcement of Mr. Charles Hawtrey that henceforth the curtain will rise on "A Message from Mars" at eight o'clock precisely; and that the one-act play which has hitherto preceded this Christmas comedy will be discontinued. Could anything be more amiable and touching? It calls up a vision of tired children, happily tucked up in bed an hour earlier than they otherwise might have been, owing to the kind forethought of Mr. Hawtrey. Grown-up people, he seemed to say in his beautiful announcement, have enjoyed themselves in my theatre the whole year round: no one can say that what I have given them is in any sense food for babes. But Christmas has come; and now it is the children's turn. Let us have a Christmas piece; and let us begin at eight o'clock precisely.

Mr. Hawtrey's announcement is but one feature of the curiously affecting spectacle presented by our theatres as Christmas comes annually round. Is it not gracious of the elder generation year by year to give up its places of amusement to the younger? Sir Herbert Tree pauses in his tremendous career as editor and producer of Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies, and lifts his sumptuous curtain upon some beautiful trifle for the little ones. Naughty French comedies and problem plays scatter in all directions. Peter Pan comes back to S. Martin's Lane; and the Bluebird builds his nest in Shaftesbury Avenue. For the sake of the children we pack up our theatrical effects, setting out for "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales" and "Where the Rainbow Ends". There is hardly a theatre to be found where a grown-up person may look for serious entertainment.

But what do the children think? Do they appreciate these sacrifices? I do not think we had better ask them, if we really want to know. Probably they have been told before coming to the theatre so elaborately swept and garnished for their reception that the pantomime, or whatever the performance is called, is a reward of virtue. It is a "treat"; and a "treat" is necessarily something very delightful, even if you do not enjoy it. The children will say, of course, that they do enjoy it. Christmas is Christmas; a season of intoxicating privilege; above all things a season of sitting up late. (If the children knew Mr. Hawtrey had deprived them of that extra hour, they would dislike him excessively.) Nevertheless, watching the children as they sit at a pantomime, we may soon begin to wonder what they are really thinking of the performance and of the grown-up people who seem so unaccountably interested.

Shall I confess at once that I am more in awe of children and of what they may be thinking of my silly self than of anything in the world? I once knew a little solemn boy who had in a marked degree that reflectively critical gaze of the child which is so extremely disconcerting when it happens to be turned in your direction. You must meet that look with perfect frankness, or you are lost. It is the look with which the child gives his mind curiously to the classification of a new object. It overwhelms you with a sense that this young person has his own peculiar system of values, and that it behoves you not to come short of his idea of what a man and a friend should be. The boy I knew went further than most in appraising the people he met. I ultimately came to win his confidence—a feat of which I am ex-

tremely proud; and, after a long friendship, he told me of his "apparitors". "Apparitors" was a word he had found in a book, and it seemed to suit his purpose very well. These apparitors were a company of henchmen with black masks, who were always attendant upon him, and were always ready to execute his will. When his tutor scolded him unjustly, he would pass the word to his apparitors, who promptly haled the struggling offender to an underground chamber, where the small boy, in scarlet and ermine, put upon his prisoner whatever sentence he pleased. No one could escape the apparitors. The visitor that patted and praised him, the uncle who gave him "useful" presents, the tactless idiots who presumed without due reason on his friendship—these were some of the victims. My acquaintance with this young judge was the beginning of an ineradicable respect for small boys et hoc genus omne. I perceived what a narrow escape I myself had had from the henchmen in black masks; and to this day, whenever I observe a particularly clumsy advance by a particularly affectionate uncle upon a particularly self-respecting small boy, invariably and in a flash I see this uncle haled to justice, struggling furiously with the apparitors. Often, in a mood of chastened humility, I wonder what nameless indignities I myself may not have suffered, all-unwitting, at their hands.

One thing I would not dare to do: I would not dare to take any intelligent, critical young person to any one of our Christmas theatres; for there is nothing to which an intelligent child is more keenly alive than humbug. The theory of Christmas theatres, affectingly instanced by Mr. Hawtrey's announcement, is that the grown-up people for several weeks of the year surrender their playhouses to the children. The real truth is that the grown-up people (one of whose pleasures at this time of the year is over-eating) are going through a period of extreme intellectual depression. Their crying need is for something in their theatres sillier and more boisterous than usual. So they have hit ingeniously upon the happy plan of filling the theatres with a form of entertainment fitted to the condition of relaxed mental vigour in which they find themselves, and of pretending that they do this for the sake of the children. Is it wonderful that children who are taken to these entertainments are not always too much enthralled to note that their parents seem to be vastly more interested and delighted than they are themselves? Of course, the normal child would not immediately discover the whole truth of the conspiracy; but I know quite a number of children whose instinct for humbug of any kind is sufficiently keen to see in the Christmas pantomime another form of that unutterable thing, execrated by all healthy children—I mean the "useful" present. The "useful" present is something your parents would have to buy you in the ordinary way, Christmas or no Christmas. It is as if they said to you: this is Christmas Day, and we are going to give you a great treat: you shall have some breakfast. In like manner the Christmas pantomime is something that your parents would go to in any case; but they pretend they are going only for your sake. The child's vague logic is usually quite alive to the analogy.

What would be some of the characteristics of a play honestly written for children? A healthy child is not subjective, and dislikes the intrusion of the lyrical. He wants something which shall be dramatic from end to end. He wants things to happen all the evening through: the play must not pause for a moment. The modern pantomime, with its noisy, bewildering spectacle and its broken-backed story, continually interrupted by dance and song, is merely a Christmas edition of that highly artificial product of grown-up taste in things theatrical, the musical comedy. Nothing could be more wearisome to the children. Their dramatic instinct is too sound for this kind of thing. The other popular form of grown-up Christmas entertainment is the fairy play presented mainly by children. This play is intended for grown-up people with a sentimental liking for the young. They love to see the "dear little things" dance on their toes, and (as at the Aldwych Theatre)

pray musically to God to save them from the cannibal Ogre. The only children who enjoy this kind of thing are the children on the stage, who think it great fun to be playacting for the amusement of their elders. But what of the great Christmas successes—"The Bluebird" and "Peter Pan"? "The Bluebird" is not a good children's play. So far as it is adventurous, the children like it. So far as it is reflective, pitted with elusive hidden meanings, sentimental (as in the Land of Memory), didactic (as in the Palace of Happiness), the children do not like it—if they are normal, healthy children. The effect on a child old enough to catch the atmosphere and intention of the play would be morbid in the extreme. Either the characteristic qualities of the play, the qualities that make it a very beautiful entertainment for grown-up people, would miss the children completely, or they would injuriously affect them. "Peter Pan" is a better play for children. One or two passages are very nearly perfect examples of what the child's play should be. But it is the play of an author who approaches children, as he approaches life, sentimentally; and children are very rarely sentimental. "Peter Pan" is in the mood of a man remembering his boyhood with a mournful, kindly satisfaction—the way that a man looks back on the games he has played, not the way he really played them as a boy. That is why the grown-up people like it so.

Talking of children's plays the other day I could not remember a single example of the perfect play for boys and girls. Then I was reminded of Shakespeare's "Henry V." Certainly it is very near the perfect thing—the hero in action from start to finish, with glorious tall talk, alarms and excursions, conspiracy, the King hob-nobbing with his common soldiers (even taking a box on the ear in a friendly way). It is all the better, as it was not consciously written for children; for the child does not like to be treated as a child; and, if you deliberately set out to write down to your understanding, he will certainly not thank you for your impertinence. "Henry V." is an excellent play for boys—and for girls, too. From the books that are written for girls one would imagine that in a large family of children the boys were in the habit of separating exclusively from the girls, and playing their own games in their own way; and that the girls played quite different games in some other part of the house. People who believe this should start a game of soldiers with boys and girls on the first opportunity. No longer will they think of boys and girls: thenceforth they will only think of children.

THE MURALISTS AND REALISTS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

BUT why not Mr. John? Admitting that he did not compete but protesting that the decoration is the thing that matters, not the competition, why is he not summarily commissioned? Stepping out of Chelsea Town Hall, from the exhibition of designs for the mural decorations, into the Chenil Gallery next door, one meets this question violently. So much that one wanted and altogether missed among the successful and rejected competitors is there, in the Chenil rooms, all ripe and ready. Without waiting for the demonstration you see that every one of Mr. John's small pieces would enlarge to any size and superbly decorate any wall. They were conceived in terms of mural decoration, which I need hardly say are not the terms of easel pictures or Royal Exchange adornments. At least one would think it went without saying if the visit to the Town Hall had not been made. There presumably we see the collective brilliance of our best young men (saving, of course, the remarkable cliques "at home" in the Carfax Gallery and Borough Polytechnic). But with the fewest exceptions, among whom Mrs. Sargent Florence is conspicuous, none realises that paintings for wall spaces must bear a special character and convention. Just as a water-colour is not an oil, an etching is not a steel-engraving, nor chamber music grand opera, so mural painting radically differs from exhibition pictures.

These competitors, I think, had a vague idea that their decorations should look simpler and more spaced than ordinary easel efforts. And in their small designs something of this idea came out. But when Mr. Salisbury, one of the successes, committed himself to an enlargement he completely gave his claims away. Fundamentally and irremediably his present conception of wall decoration is identical with that of the Royal Exchange pictures. His enlarged fragment has all the polish and finish and modelling that are bad enough in his pictures and impossible in mural work. With this ominous exposure of his ultimate ideal before them, it is curious that the judges found Mr. Salisbury's designs promising. Mr. Sims, on the other hand, seems to have submitted no enlargement, and it is difficult to see his tricky, if not "fudged", sketch expanded into the solidity and architectural seriousness indispensable for its purpose. Why, then, was he "awarded" without a gauge of his ability to develop an amusing but flimsy design into a decoration? Next his exhibit hang Mr. Budd's, which are certainly much better though rejected. Their colour is a little thin, but their feeling is right and their potentialities, as wall decoration, at least hopeful. Mr. Budd indeed is one of the exceptions who keep mural painting distinct from any other. Mr. Rupert Lee goes with him, and I can see no reason why his gay, rather Persian-looking design should not improve into the real thing. Of the successful competitors Mrs. Sargent Florence makes most promise. Her sketch is obviously a wall decorator's; she knows the ropes and understands the exigencies. Her composition, doubtless, will expand towards a fuller unity, while losing none of its simplicity and fine colour; and the enlarged fragment, if rather weak in feeling, clearly illustrates that no irrelevant modelling or realistic finish will nullify her effect. Mr. Woolway, too, justifies the judges, as far as the work submitted goes. His sense of flat surface decoration and his feeling for significant rich shapes are promising. No enlargement, however, is exhibited to show how the occasional vaguenesses and interesting evasions in the little sketch will turn out when they have to take life seriously. To test such matters every competitor should have been bound to carry out in large at least a head and torso. For, as I have said in reference to Mr. Salisbury, and might add apropos of Mr. E. Kehnington or Mr. Clark, the result is most revealing.

Presumably Cubistes and Borough Polytechnicians were warned off this Town Hall competition; none at least disturbs its unity. The strongest impression left is that, with the few exceptions I have given, to whom should be added Mr. George Day (for whose unfortunate cast of colour Royal Academy School training I suspect is responsible), our painters have not yet realised the essential individuality required for wall decoration. And, after all, why should they? For painters nowadays are so notoriously incurious as to the methods of yore, and in the main so indifferent to their heritage, that they are isolated from the tradition of wall painting. The most important question for them to-day is: will the movement towards mural decoration spread? Quite recently a sort of society has seriously taken up one aspect of this question—the availability of the walls in London County Council schools as traiping spaces for a school of fresco. In other directions, too, the move is being made, and so far the artists have nothing to blame the public and the patrons for. The L.C.C. is favourable to the employment of their walls; the Chelsea municipality is giving a fine lead, and the Borough Polytechnic's enterprise is famous.

We may then hope that the future of this movement lies comfortably in our artists' hands. Will they be strong enough to hold it? It seems to me that at this crisis an experiment such as that made by the decorators of the Borough Polytechnic is risky. We shall not have to wait many years before such artificiality, such insecure theorising has dropped into the zone of regrettable incidents. For what is this business of primitivism but a repetition of old history and failures? At the time of Winckelmann and the Neo-Classicalists all "advanced" artists tried to get the atmosphere of the

antique, so that Diderot was screwed up to squeeze out one of his solitary drops of wisdom. "Our painters", he prophesied, "will never rival the old masters because, instead of seeking nature's beauty, they are all copying a copy." Messrs. Roger Fry, Grant, Etchell and Company are in a similar boat. They are all working from concepts instead of impressions, from their ingenious intellects instead of spontaneous emotion. They do not attempt to interpret Nature as they see her, but to paint and draw as they conceive a savage might. It is all tremendously ingenious, but I do not think it is even amusing, though that seems the right thing to say about it. An authentic savage could be depended on to draw with a certain spontaneous naïveté of observation; a quite incommunicably earnest observation. These advanced, scholarly and sophisticated artists of the twentieth century, however, obviously find it very difficult to guess how a savage would draw a cheek, or thorax, or one's calf. I don't believe they really know, since the savage tradition does not exist in continuity, and genuine examples are rare. But even if Mr. Duncan Grant had specialised in Vedda paintings he could not recapture their spontaneity and vitality. Because the race and age he works in are comparatively developed and thus incapable of sharing a lower type's point of view, and because what was a Vedda's utmost in the way of representation has been degraded to a reasoned mannerism in Mr. Grant.

An important question to be answered is: do these far-fetched theories and extravagant sacrifices result in compensating achievements? I do not think that any splendid colour or pattern would compensate for degraded types of form and sterility of life: a meanness and brutality would taint even the richest decorative surface. But these Polytechnic designs are poor in colour and unpleasantly painted. Nor as rhythmic and significant shapes are they important. Theory based on guesswork intrudes at every point. Mr. Grant's Divers (not his swimmers) have a grandeur somewhere at the back, but theoretical primitivism interferes with our seeing it. Similarly the designs and spacing of all these paintings are crippled by wilful concepts, made precious and inanimate by academic canons. For the poor quality of the pigment in all of them, even in Mr. Rothenstein's and Mr. Grant's, I can only suggest inexperience. These are not experiments on plaster, but ordinary canvas. The handling is petty and spotty and fudged, the brushwork hopelessly inconsistent with the decorative scale, and not even as accomplished as a Red Indian's probably would be. This poor quality seems too genuine to be part of the pose, nor is it easy to suspect that the thin, acid and unrhythmic colour of the whole scheme is entirely due to deliberate primitivism.

The crucial test of Art is its relation to its age; whether it be backward, normal or enhancing. We could not insult this "advanced" group of painters by saying their decorations are normal or old-fashioned. On the other hand, they are certainly not enhancing, for they reveal no higher secrets of life. Thus they are in an anomalous position, deliberately retrograde, and comparable with the Neo-Classicists. Another test for them is their relation to ordinary good posters. If we drew a line to represent the level of good poster work, Mr. John's decoration at the New English, or his wonderful "Brick Wall", "The Woman in the Sun Garden", or "Three Little Boys", in the Chenil, would obviously stand far above this line, judged merely as poster work. Mrs. Sargent Florence's design and one or two others in the Town Hall would be above it too. But the Borough decorations, on the ground of carrying decoration, would fall below it, in the company of Mr. Sims' or Mr. Salisbury's exhibits.

The Carfax Gallery is entertaining the Realists and Mr. W. Lewis. The latter, I suspect, is an embarrassment to his confrères, much as an M.P. who, elected as a Tariff Reformer, suddenly burst out as the other thing. The genuine "Realists"—Mr. Gore and Mr. Gilman for example—are nothing like as real as Mr. Sickert. In the case of each an insufficient knowledge of tone is the obstruction. Mr. Gilman makes the

mistake, not unnatural at his stage, of attaching more importance to colour as a sort of scientific fact than to larger things. Thus he ignores relative values and misses the very realism he aims at. For instance, the red on a woman's cheek or wrist, or the blue gleam on her hair, are focussed on, with no calculation of their redness or blueness in comparison with the wall-paper or the bedclothes. To precisely the same lack is due the insignificance of his conceptions. They are maps of light and colour, not people full of complex humanity. Degas or Mr. Sickert, both "out for" realism, do not confound mere facts with life and spirit. Unconsciously they see much further into life. Mr. Spencer Gore misses complexity, which I suppose is his aim, in a slightly different way. He seems to attach a symbolic importance to violet; violet-shadows is his formula. Busied over this theory he ignores relations and planes, so that houses across the street seem to come in front of your garden wall, and the scenery on the stage is as near as the lady in the next box. But this can be remedied by experience. Mr. Bayes, for instance, whose early work, much as Mr. Sickert's, was occupied with sensitive observation unembarrassed by formulæ, has assimilated much knowledge, and when impelled to be ingeniously simple he still incorporates that knowledge in his simplifications. His "Bridge", an extremely effective poster on the surface, contains the distilled perception of subtlety that places it well above the poster line. This picture would not be readily exhausted if one lived with it, because it does not confuse phenomena with significance. Mr. Bevan, like Mr. Gilman, at present looks on colour and pattern and light as ends, whereas they are clearly but enhancing accessories. His design is good, and his colour agreeable, but his perception of cabs and ostlers quite superficial. Mr. Innes sedulously follows Mr. John, but, like all imitators, seldom sees beneath the surface into the significance. In distant times, in public galleries Mr. Innes will be catalogued just under Mr. John, "John, Nachfolger des Augustus John", or simply "Schule des . . .", and the learned will distinguish him as the "Amico", and early Lambs as the "Alunno di Augusto". I like to think of this and the worries of those distant experts.

AN EVENING AT MADAME RACHEL'S

[This letter is here published in English for the first time. Although it bears no date, and its envelope has been lost, it is still possible to fix the evening precisely; it was 29 May 1839. Dating from this, the relations between the poet and the young tragedian became most friendly.]

TRANSLATED FROM ALFRED DE MUSSET.

MY very best thanks, honoured Madam and dear Godmother, for the letter of the amiable Paolina (Paulina Garcia) which you sent to me. This letter is both interesting and charming; but you, who never miss an opportunity to show those whom you love best some beautiful little attention, deserve the greatest praise. You are the only human being whom I have found to be so constituted.

A charitable act always finds its reward, and thanks to your Desdemona letter I shall now regale you with a supper at Madame Rachel's, which will amuse you, providing we are still of the same opinion, and still share the same admiration for the divine artist. My little adventure is solely intended for you, because "the noble child" detests indiscretions, and then also because so much stupid talk and gossip circulate since I have been going to see her, so that I have decided not even to mention it when I have been to see her at the Théâtre Français.

The evening here referred to she played Tancrede, and I went in the intermission to see her to pay her a compliment about her charming costume. In the fifth act she read her letter with an expression which was especially sincere and touching. She told me herself that she had cried at this moment, and was so moved that she was afraid she might not be able to continue to speak. At ten o'clock, after the close of the theatre,

we met by accident in the Colonnades of the Palais Royal. She was walking arm-in-arm with Félix Bonnaire, accompanied by a crowd of young people, among whom were Mademoiselle Rebut, Mademoiselle Dubois, of the Conservatory, and a few others. I bow to her; she says to me "You come along".

Here we are at her house; Bonnaire excuses himself as best he can, annoyed and furious about the meeting. Rachel smiles about this deplorable departure. We enter; we sit down. Each of the young ladies at the side of her friend, and I next to the dear Fanfan. After some conversation Rachel notices that she has forgotten her rings and bracelets in the theatre. She sends her servant girl to fetch them. There's no girl there now to prepare supper! But Rachel rises, changes her dress, and goes into the kitchen. After a quarter of an hour she re-enters, in house-dress and cap, beautiful as an angel, and holds in her hand a plate with three beefsteaks which she has just fried. She puts the plate in the middle of the table and says "I hope it will taste good to you". Then she goes into the kitchen again and returns with a soup-bowl of boiling bouillon in the one hand and in the other a dish of spinach. That is the supper! No plates, no spoons, because the servant girl has taken the keys with her. Rachel opens the sideboard, finds a bowl of salad, takes the wooden fork, eventually discovers a plate and commences to eat alone.

"In the kitchen", says Mamma, who is hungry, "are the pewter knives and forks."

Rachel rises, fetches them, and distributes them among those present. Now the following conversation takes place, in which you will notice that I have not changed anything.

The Mother: Dear Rachel, the beefsteaks are too well done.

Rachel: You are right; they are as hard as stone. Formerly, when I still did the housekeeping, I certainly cooked much better. I am poorer for this talent now. There is nothing to be done about it, and for that I have learnt something else. Don't you eat, Sarah? (the sister).

Sarah: No; I do not eat with pewter knives and forks.

Rachel: Ah, just listen to that! Since I have bought from my savings a dozen silver knives and forks you cannot touch pewter any more. I suppose when I become richer you will have to have a liveried lackey behind your chair and one before. (Pointing to her fork) I shall never part with these old knives and forks. They have done us service for too long. Isn't it so, Mamma?

The Mother (with her mouth full): She is a perfect child!

Rachel (turning to me): Think of it, when I was playing in the Théâtre Molière I had only two pairs of stockings, and every morning—(Here the sister, Sarah, commences to speak German in order to prevent her sister from saying any more).

Rachel (continuing): Stop talking your German. That is no shame at all. Yes, I only had two pairs of stockings, and in order to be able to appear at night I had to wash one pair every morning. They hung in my room on a string while I wore the others.

I: And you did the housekeeping?

Rachel: I got up every morning at six o'clock, and at eight o'clock all the beds were made. Then I went to the Halles and bought the food.

I: And didn't you let a little profit go into your own pocket?

Rachel: No. I was a very honest cook, wasn't I, Mamma?

The Mother (continuing to eat): Yes, that's true.

Rachel: Only once I was a thief for a whole month. If I bought anything for four sous I charged five, and if I paid ten I charged twelve. At the end of a month I found that I was in possession of three francs.

I (severely): And what did you do with those three francs, Mademoiselle?

The Mother (who sees that Rachel is silent):

Monsieur de Musset, she bought the works of Molière for that money.

I: Really?

Rachel: Why, yes, certainly. I had Corneille and Racine, and so I had to have Molière, and I bought him for three francs, and then I confessed all my sins.

Why does Mademoiselle Rebut go? Good night, Mademoiselle!

The larger part of the dull people follows the example of Mademoiselle Rebut. The servant girl returns with the forgotten rings and bracelets. They are put on the table. The two bracelets are magnificent, worth at least four to five thousand francs. In addition to that there is a most costly golden tiara. All this is lying anywhere about the table, betwixt and between the salad, the pewter spoons and the spinach.

The idea of keeping house, attending to the kitchen, making beds, and all the cares of a poverty-stricken household, sets me thinking, and I regard Rachel's hands, secretly fearing that they are ugly or ruined. They are graceful, dainty, white and full, the fingers tapering. In reality, hands of a princess.

Sarah, who is not eating, does not cease scolding in German. It must be remarked that on this certain day, in the forenoon, she had been up to some pranks which, according to her mother's opinion, had gone a bit too far, and it was only owing to the urgent interference of her sister that she has been forgiven and been allowed to retain her place at the table.

Rachel (answering to her German scolding): Leave me in peace. I want to speak about my youth. I remember that one day I wanted to make punch in one of these pewter spoons. I held the spoon over the light, and it melted in my hand. By the way, Sophie, give me the kirsch; we will make some punch. Ouf . . . I am through; I have eaten enough. (The cook brings a bottle.)

The Mother: Sophie is mistaken. That is a bottle of absinthe.

I: Give me a drop.

Rachel: Oh, how glad I would be if you would take something with us.

The Mother: Absinthe is supposed to be very healthy.

I: Not at all. It is unhealthy and detestable.

Sarah: Why do you want to drink some, then?

I: In order to be able to say that I have partaken of your hospitality.

Rachel: I want to drink also. (She pours out absinthe into a tumbler and drinks. A silver bowl is brought to her, in which she puts sugar and kirsch; then she lights her punch, and lets it flame up.) I love this blue flame.

I: It is much prettier if there is no candle burning.

Rachel: Sophie, take the candles away.

The Mother: What ideas you have! Nothing of the kind will be done.

Rachel: It is unbearable. . . . Pardon me, Mamma, you dear, good one. . . . (She embraces her.) But I would like that Sophie takes the candles away.

A gentleman takes both candles and puts them under the table—twilight effect. The mother, who in the light of the flame from the punch appears now green, now blue, fixes her eyes upon me, and watches every one of my movements. The candles are brought up again.

A Flatterer: Mademoiselle Rebut did not look well this evening.

I: You demand a great deal. I think she is very pretty.

A second Flatterer: She lacks esprit.

Rachel: Why do you talk like that? She is not stupid, like many others, and besides, she has a good heart. Leave her in peace. I do not want my colleagues to be talked about in this manner.

The punch is ready, Rachel fills the glasses, and distributes them. The remainder of the punch she pours into a soup-plate, and commences to eat it with a spoon. Then she takes my cane, pulls out the dagger which is in it, and commences to pick her teeth with the point of it.

Now there is an end to this gossip, and this childlike

talk. A word is sufficient to change the whole atmosphere of the evening, and what follows is consecrated with the power of art.

I: When you read the letter this evening you were very much moved.

Rachel: Yes, I felt as if something was breaking within me, and in spite of all I do not like this piece ("Tancrède") very much. It is untrue.

I: You prefer the pieces of Corneille and Racine?

Rachel: I like Corneille well enough, although he is flat occasionally, and sometimes too pompous. All that is not truth.

I: Eh, eh! Mademoiselle, slowly, slowly!

Rachel: For instance, see, when in "Horace" Sabine says "One can change the lover, not the husband"—well, I don't like that; that is common.

I: At least you will admit that that is true.

Rachel: Yes, but is it worthy of Corneille? There I prefer Racine. I adore him. Everything that he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble!

I: As we are just speaking about Racine, do you remember that some time ago you received an anonymous letter in which some hints were given to you in reference to the last scene of "Mithridate"?

Rachel: Certainly. I followed the advice, and since then I have a tremendous amount of applause in this scene. Do you know the person who wrote me that?

I: Very well. It is a woman who is the happy possessor of the most brilliant mind and the smallest foot in Paris. Which rôle are you studying now?

Rachel: This summer we shall play "Maria Stuart", and then "Polyeucte", and may be . . .

I: What?

Rachel (beating the table with her fist): Listen, I want to play "Phèdre". It is said I am too young, that I am too thin, and a hundred other stupidities of that kind. But I answer, it is the most beautiful part by Racine, and I shall play it.

Sarah: That would probably not be right, Rachel.

Rachel: Leave me in peace! They think I am too young, the part is not appropriate. By Heaven, when I was playing Roxane I have said quite different things, and what do I care about that? And if they say that I am too thin, then I consider that a stupidity. A woman who is filled with a criminal love, and who would rather die than submit to it, a woman who is consuming herself in the fire of her passion, of her tears, such a woman cannot have a bosom like the Paradol; that would be absurd. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. I do not know how I am going to play it, but I can tell you this: I feel the part. The papers can write what they please. They will not spoil it for me. They do not know what to bring up against me, in order to harm me instead of helping and encouraging me; but if there is no other way out of it I shall play it to only four persons (turning to me). Yes, I have read many candid and conscientious criticisms, and I know of nothing better, nothing more useful; but there are many people who are using their pen in order to lie, in order to destroy. They are worse than thieves and murderers. They kill the intellect with pin-pricks. Really, if I could I would poison them!

The Mother: Dear child, you do not stop talking; you are making yourself tired. You were on your feet at six o'clock this morning; I don't know what was the matter with you. You've been gossiping all day. And you even played this evening. You will make yourself sick.

Rachel (full of liveliness): No, let me be. I tell you, no. I call this life. (Turning to me) Shall I fetch the book? We will read the play together.

I: You attempt to ask? You cannot make me a pleasanter proposition.

Sarah: But, dear Rachel, it is half-past eleven.

Rachel: Who hinders you from going to sleep?

Sarah actually goes to bed; Rachel rises and goes out, and on returning holds in her hands the volume of Racine. Her expression and her walk have something festive and sacred. She walks like a priestess who,

carrying the holy vessels, approaches the altar. She sits down next to me, and snuffs the candle; the mother falls asleep smilingly.

Rachel (opens the book with special reverence and leans over it): How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book I could forget to eat and to drink for two days and two nights.

Rachel and I begin to read "Phèdre". The book lies open between us on the table. All the others go away. Rachel bows to each one as they depart, with a slight nod of the head, and continues in her reading. At first she reads in a monotonous tone, as if it were a litany; by and bye she becomes more animated; we exchange our ideas and our observations about each passage. Finally she arrives at the explanation. She stretches out her right arm on the table, resting it on her elbow, the forehead in her left hand. She lets herself be carried away by the contents of the passage; at the same time she speaks in a half-lowered voice. Suddenly her eyes flash, the genius of Racine lights up her features, she pales, she blushes. Never have I seen anything more beautiful, anything more moving; nor did she ever make such a deep impression on me in the theatre.

So the time passes until half-past twelve. The father returns from the Opéra, where he had seen La Nathan appear for the first time in "The Jewess". No sooner had he sat down than he ordered his daughter in brusque words to stop her declamation. Rachel closes the book and says:

"It is revolting. I am going to buy myself a light, and will read alone in bed."

I looked at her, big tears filled her eyes.

It was really shocking to see such a creature treated in this way. I rose to go, filled with admiration, respect and sympathy.

Having arrived home I hurry to put down the details of this memorable evening with the faithfulness of a stenographer for you, in the expectation that you will keep it, and that one day it will be found again.

A GREAT HISTORY OF JEANNE D'ARC.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

IT is the history * published by M. Hanotaux, the well-known ex-Foreign Minister. The statesman scholar is not so familiar a type in France as he is in England, but the tradition of the statesman historian has never been broken in this country. The Duc de Broglie and M. Emile Ollivier connect pretty successfully M. Hanotaux with Guizot and Thiers. In fact, although M. Hanotaux intended himself very early for the diplomatic career, it was as an historian that he first made his mark. His "History of Richelieu" ranks with the works of those eminent historians of diplomatic affairs, M. Sorel and M. Vandal. Since his retirement from office M. Hanotaux has been a prolific, one feels inclined to say an exceedingly prolific, and miscellaneous though invariably intelligent writer. But whenever he has reverted to history he has shown himself a master. In spite of traces of hurry bordering on journalistic perfunctoriness in his "History of the Third Republic" the volumes reveal not only the manly direct view of the eye-witness who was soon to become an actor, but the superior qualities of the philosopher.

Jeanne d'Arc has been a favourite subject with high and low, believers and unbelievers lately. Since Michelet that wonderful epic has attracted the critic as well as the poet, and finally the fascination has spread even to the uneducated, and when, some fifteen years ago, there was question of extending the Orléans yearly celebrations to the whole country, if the decision had been left to a referendum and not as usual to a gang of politicians, there is little doubt that the motion would have been passed by acclamation. It took the mean spirit created by the Combes Government to make such attacks as those of M. Thalamas—to-day in the

* "Jeanne d'Arc." Par Gabriel Hanotaux. Paris: Hachette. 1911. 50f.

Chamber—possible in a Parisian lycée, and to make "secularism" antagonistic to the devotion to Jeanne d'Arc.

However, there never was, and in such a subject there could not be, unity of standpoint among historians. It grieved Catholic writers that Jeanne had ultimately been defeated, and they had gradually worked out a theory to the effect that her mission was to cease at Rheims after the coronation of Charles VII., and that it was through some dimming of her supernatural vision that she had gone on till the catastrophe at Compiègne. Historians trained in the methods and spirit of Renan, like M. Anatole France, started from the assumption that there could not be anything supernatural in the history of the Pucelle and that she would appear the greater for the elimination of exaggerations and legends; but in spite of their efforts it always turned out that Jeanne d'Arc, apart from her celestial environment, dwindled almost ridiculously into a dazed illuminée, the toy of numberless influences which it was painful to review. Against this spirit the recent beatification of Jeanne at Rome was to react in a powerful manner, but the reaction is not free from danger. It is a well-known fact that the moment a human creature is placed on the altars the popular tendency—not, of course, that of the solidly equipped—is to separate the saint from his or her background until it is almost impossible to view historically that which ought however to remain historical.

Which side would a doer of deeds, and an agnostic, like M. Hanotaux—a réaliste as the phrase goes—take in a question touching so many delicate issues? Was it not to be feared that the study of so intricate a period as the fifteenth century would prove too difficult for so versatile an intelligence? Perhaps M. Hanotaux would content himself with being eloquent or being imaginative on a subject which naturally calls forth eloquence and charms the imagination. It has not been so. M. Hanotaux must have brought a great deal of genuine curiosity to his work, and the eloquence which pervaded the book is the eloquence of things, not of words.

The historian of Richelieu seems to have made a long and loving study of the fifteenth century. It has been repeated many times that Jeanne d'Arc could not stand alone in her time, that there must have been influences at work during her childhood which were to result in her vocation. But what the influences were we had never been told as clearly as in the book of M. Hanotaux. He shows us the same mystic conditions in Colette de Corbie as in Jeanne d'Arc, only two decades her junior. He makes us realise that Domrémy was not so much isolated as our twentieth-century admiration of speedy means of communication causes us to imagine. Jeanne d'Arc's mother, the same peasant woman whom we see taking the journey to Paris to have the memory of her daughter rehabilitated, had, before the departure of Jeanne, taken the much longer and more difficult journey to le Puy. And the sanctuary at le Puy was not, as has been commonly believed, an ordinary resort of pilgrims; in the early years of the fifteenth century it was nothing less than a patriotic centre. There are evidences too that in the same town the attention of the Mendicant orders was first drawn to the Maid. In fact the presentment of events in M. Hanotaux's book is a constant endeavour to make us see Jeanne in her everyday, and till now rather vague, surroundings.

This is the work of a sympathetic as well as of a richly nourished imagination. There is more in the view the author takes of what is generally called the failure of Jeanne d'Arc. Jeanne never failed, he asserts resolutely; her capture at Compiègne was not a defeat. What had the Maid intended when she centred the resistance in and around Compiègne? To keep the Duke of Burgundy off Paris as she had kept the English off by her success at Orléans. Was not this accomplished? The maid was captured, and the long series of her sufferings began, but Compiègne was not taken by the Burgundians, the town resisted and Charles the Seventh—actually in spite of himself and his courtiers—re-

mained master of Paris. Real failure in this emergency would have been something far more momentous than a campaign lost. It meant the disappearance of France as a nation, and the consequent disappearance of what modern historians term the Mediterranean influence in Europe. Eastern France would have been in the hands of the Dukes of Burgundy, that is to say, delivered to Flemish governors with Teutonic tendencies; the Western and Southern provinces would have been English. The Reformation meeting with such conditions might have found no other resistance than that of Spain, and the aspect of modern thought might have been totally different from what it has really been.

This is what Bossuet would not have failed to call one of the great providences visible in history. The surprising originality of the new book on Jeanne d'Arc is that its author, agnostic as he professedly is, and as numberless touches in this very book show him to be, seems to think and often speaks as Bossuet would have done. M. Hanotaux plainly repudiates the belated method of M. Anatole France, who will only receive as historical truth that which can be accounted for by tangible causes. He thinks that the long-superannuated intuitions of faith must have been often superior to our scientific induction. He makes constant use of the words miracle and miraculous, and leaves far behind the so-called broad-minded, who also make use of the same words but confine their meaning to medical or physiological phenomena. He admits a supernatural element in history to explain not only Jeanne d'Arc's visions and prophecies, and her military talents, but her political rôle in the formation of modern Europe and the services of all kinds she rendered to the Church as well as to France. To her he traces the reconciliation of the Pope with France, the humiliation of the Sorbonne and the simultaneous downfall of decaying scholasticism, the failure of the aspiring episcopatism which was to appear and be doomed at the Bâle Council, the consequent strengthening of the Pontifical power and the certainty that the Pope in his domain—*Dieu premier servi*—is the final authority for Catholics. Jeanne, in M. Hanotaux's opinion, is the typical modern Catholic—in contradistinction to the Protestant—both independent even to heroism and yet submissive. Here too he seems to think that she was willed and sent by that mysterious influence which he never calls God but which is God all the same.

This side of the book is one more manifestation of the idealist reaction visible in all the provinces of contemporary thought, and is evidently its most significant feature. It is something which ten years ago would have been regarded as impossible. If one had been told then that of two works published within two years on the subject of the Maid—one by that charmer M. Anatole France and the other in the spirit of Bossuet by M. Hanotaux—the dead failure would be the work of M. France and the triumphant success the work of M. Hanotaux, both the failure of one book and the spirit of the other would have been thought wild improbabilities. The evolution has been rapid. If one wants to know the cause it is the same which we find at the root of almost all recent changes in public spirit, the reaction from the Dreyfus affair. I have had more than once occasion to point out the conservatism it has called forth practically everywhere.

CHRISTMAS.

BY

WALTER LOCK

Warden of Keble College.

"Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill to all mankind."

ONCE again Milton will tell us of the Nativity of Him Who was to bring perpetual peace; but as we turn our eyes from poetry to prose, from fancy to fact, from poetic imaginings to the actual unrest of the modern world—international, political, commercial and

social—many will wonder whether we have misinterpreted the message of Christmas or whether it has proved a failure.

There is a sense, indeed, in which we have misinterpreted the message. The phrase "peace and goodwill" comes from the song of the angels to the shepherds in the Third Gospel, but the meaning there can scarcely be that which we read into it. The reading, structure and meaning of the passage are alike uncertain. "Goodwill among men" (*ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκία*) is indeed read in some MSS. of S. Luke, and was the reading of the words as subsequently incorporated in the Greek form of the "Gloria in Excelsis"; but S. Luke almost certainly wrote "among men of goodwill" (*εὐδοκίας*), which also appears in the Latin form of the Gloria (*hominibus bonae voluntatis*). The structure, too, of the hymn is doubtful. We are accustomed to the threefold arrangement:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Goodwill among men."

But there is a great deal to be said for the two-fold structure suggested by Olshausen and Dr. Hort:

"Glory to God in the highest and upon earth:
Peace among men of good will",

and what is the meaning of these last words: "men of good will"? The phrase has no exact analogy elsewhere, but the clue is to be found in the later phrase of the same Gospel, "Thou art my beloved son: in thee I am well pleased" (*ὡς ἀγαπητός*), and the Revised Version is probably right in its translation, "among men in whom He is well pleased". "The Divine favour or good pleasure declared for the head of the race at baptism (iii. 22) was already contemplated by the angels as resting on the race itself in virtue of His birth." (Hort.)

The essential message of these words is therefore far deeper than a mere message of mutual goodwill among men. It implies three great truths: that God should be honoured on earth as well as in the highest; that humanity is the object of His Divine favour and blessing; but that human character must be such as to win that favour and blessing. These are the most marked results of the event which we celebrate on Christmas Day: it has at one and the same time raised the conception of the Divine nature and of the human; that is its remarkable achievement. It would be easy so to exalt the conception of the Divine Being as to depreciate and depress humanity in His presence; this has been done by Mohammedanism. It would be equally easy so to glorify humanity as to obscure and render unnecessary the Divine power; this has been done by Positivism. Christianity has treated a human being as Divine, and yet so far from lowering has raised the conception of God; it has told of a Divine condescension which has lifted the capacities of man. Many other human beings were in the first Christian era being deified. The very title which the writer of the Pastoral Epistles gives to Christ, "Our great God and Saviour", had been given already to the Ptolemies in Egypt and to Julius Cæsar himself. Yet Julius Cæsar and the Roman emperors never deepened the conception of the Divine as did He Who defined it as "God is a Spirit" and showed by teaching and by action that God is Love and Light. There were stories of the Divine parentage of men, but none like Him revealed how close human nature came to the Divine in its capacities for love, and taught its power of expelling disease and sin and triumphing over death.

Splendid is the pæan of Sophocles in the "Antigone" over the triumphs of man, but it has its limitations:

"All fertile in resource, resourceless never
Meets he the morrow: only death
He wants the skill to shun;
But many a fell disease the healer's art hath
foiled."

This does not reach the level of triumph of that noble description of man's progress to be found in the Romanes Lecture for 1905, where Sir E. Ray Lan-

kester describes him as "Nature's rebel", "Nature's insurgent son", who is able to control and subvert her methods, who has power to remove all disease from his life, who when Nature says "Die" says "I will live", who is only now beginning to enter upon his vast and magnificent kingdom. The note of achievement is louder and more jubilant here, and between the two there had been the human life which began on Christmas Day, and there had been S. Paul's inference drawn from that life, "All things are yours: whether the world or life or death or things present or things to come, all are yours". "Neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor any creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

Sir E. Ray Lankester is thinking of man's intellectual achievements, of the progress of science. This is an essential part of the development of human nature which has gone on under Christianity, but the angelic message speaks rather of moral character. It draws indeed no arbitrary limits of Divine selection; it is men as such who are the objects of Divine favour; every man may be blessed by it, but yet it is implied that it is only those who are like the Son in Whom He is well pleased that will appropriate the blessing and win the peace. Character above intellect, love above knowledge, the service of men above all self-seeking: that is a part of the essential message; that is its standard of excellence.

ACROSS THE YEAR.

BY DOROTHY RICHARDSON.

MONTH by month as you came down the valley of the year the days were shrinking; but as you watched they poured across the autumn steeps a glory that seemed too secure to move and pass. They soothed your disarray. Every to-day glowed richer than yesterday. The great golden spaces breathed no hint of that which was to come. You dreamed and you forgot; until in a stormy day and night, in clouds and darkness, with moaning and tears the magic failed and faded from the year. Awakened and free you rose then and turned half guessing, half in glad remembrance, to face the farthest deep. Through the drifting mists the days pushed, pursuing you. They eked out their poverty, purpling the swift-falling twilights, linking them to nights of veiled moonlight. They sent strange moonlit dawns. But the gladness you gave as you turned now and again to their gleaming moments was new and none of theirs—a new deep gladness born of your knowledge of the imminent end of your quest. . . . You pressed onwards unflinching even while you turned to gaze, you passed the borderland and reached where the little days can but peer one by one between the close-drawn curtains of the darkness. They do their utmost. Into the narrow span of hours they pour all their riches. They flash their jewels. They flood the silver fields with morning rose—a moment, and the evening gold is there. They pluck the last plumage from your picture and beckon you with long vistas. They make the woodland a pillared temple and draw out across the levels wide waters to mirror the hurrying light. But they cannot claim even the working hours. The morning's business begins round the radiance of lamp or candle standing in the hush of a lingering gloom, and ends in spaces of light shining here and there upon the full darkness. The coming and going of workers is the sudden sound of unseen footsteps. They come in a glimmer, they go beating away down the lane in the early night. And a day comes when even sound is gone; when the seamist drifts in over the marshes under the heavy curtain of the sky, when the sky droops until it is one with the driving mist and you are left in a darkling garden whose margin marks the edge of the world.

You may forget in mid-morning that the furrows are drawing across the high breast of the near field down to the edge of the wood. The intermittent strain and groan of the windmill can scarcely penetrate your closed windows. You do not know when milking-time

comes. You do not hear the gentle pattering of hoofs along the lane, the click of the paddock gate, the clinking of pails.

Into the listening room drops the song of the burning sap. It rises and falls, dying away to a soft slurring to rise again as the logs stir and settle and the little flames leap out. Visions of ancient seas come forth in the silence from the unlit depths of shells shining in dim corners on mat and polished shelf. In the soft light glass-shaded posies bear their part once more with gentle pride, quenching the claim of the frail passing blossoms in the bowl among the table ornaments. From the faded bindings of the books close packed upon the shelf in the fireside recess comes no disturbing thought. Old-world eyes look down from their time-worn frames upon the flowered wall. There is nothing to parcel out the sweetness of the hours. . . . Dominated and banished the days yield at last their richest treasure. They come at your will, slow-drifting phantoms along the margin of your deep content. They show you beauties you never saw for your eagerness in seeking. They are yours to hold or to cast away. . . . Wakening some night at the goal of your journey into the darkness and with deep hours ahead, you may see for a moment the flaming summit of the year. You may, if you care, accept the flashed challenge and set your feet upon the steep uplands lying between the year's end and the bleak plateau of March. You may pass in a dream along the high-hung valley of April and up May's winding pathway to the height. There you may watch the serene swing of widespread days and see the sunlight on earth's brimming goblet; you may feel the swift touch of twilight nights across the June meadows. . . . The night stirs and is silent.

You relinquish your visions. They pass and are blotted out in the flowing darkness. You are left, full awake, cradled and secure at the heart of the year.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SELLING THE SEATS OF JUSTICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

44 Hyde Park Square, W.

SIR,—The scandalous squabble over the appointment of magistrates, with which the House of Commons closed the session, must convince everyone, except a politician, that the time has arrived when the administration of justice should be taken out of the hands of unpaid laymen. The present system of an unpaid magistracy has broken down, like many other branches of our Constitution, because what Burke called "the spirit of a gentleman" has departed from our public life. Not one word was said in the debate about the pure and dignified administration of justice—that was the last topic that occurred to anyone. The only question was, how to satisfy the insatiable appetite of Radicals for the most trumpery badges of social distinction? No one expects to hear the truth in the House of Commons to-day, or one would have thought that somebody would have said, what everybody knows, that the reason why Conservatives predominate on the Bench of first instance is that they are, as a rule, the only persons available with the leisure, the education, and the character requisite for the duty. Rumour does not always lie; and the current story is that Mr. Primrose's venomous attack upon the Lord Chancellor is due to the fact that his illustrious sire was refused an appointment to the Epsom Bench.

Surely the time has come when the administration of primary justice in England should be remodelled upon the Scottish pattern. In Scotland the work which is done in England by County Court judges and quarter sessions is discharged by the sheriffs-deputes. Except in the large towns, our Recorders have nothing to do, and are paid nothing. Why should not Recorders be properly paid to do the work of sessions? Mr. Primrose had the effrontery to say that he wanted men

put on the Bench who would stand up for the interests of the Radical party. When a member of Parliament and the son of a Prime Minister is not ashamed to say that, we are very near to the American system of judicature. The seats of justice may be sold without the passing of money. The Lord Chancellor has done his best to preserve to the nation the greatest boon which any people can possess, the firm and uncorrupted, because unpolitical, administration of justice. The British public are extraordinarily ignorant of American affairs, or they would realise their danger. But the petty malevolence of a great peer and the social jealousy of Radicals of the baser sort have been too strong for Lord Loreburn. The only way of saving the situation is to place the courts of first instance in the hands of stipendiaries. I should like to add that it was my privilege to be the legal pupil of Lord Loreburn, and that I never met any man, before or since, in either party, whose sense of civic duty was more rigorous and exalted.

Yours obediently,

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE NATIONAL DEBT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springhill, Clarkston, Glasgow,
16 December 1911.

SIR,—Perhaps the reason why Mr. Lloyd George is allowed without contradiction in the House of Commons to narrate his fables about the National Debt is that he contradicts himself so efficiently. Here are a few of his utterances:—

11 May 1911 (Hansard, col. 1428): "We have reduced the debt of this country during the five years we have been in office by £55,918,000."

13 December 1911 ("Scotsman's" report): "Up to November of this year the Government had reduced the dead-weight debt of this country by £75,000,000."

Mr. George thus claims credit for a debt reduction of £19,000,000 in seven months. The truth is that in the latter statement he includes the sum corresponding to 1905-6, which was really the last year of Mr. Balfour's Government. His courage was not equal to that feat on 11 May.

11 May 1911 (Hansard, col. 1428): "These gentlemen . . . paid off debt at the rate of only £2,000,000 a year even when there was no war."

13 December 1911 ("Scotsman's" report): "In the period preceding the South African war the Unionist Government redeemed debt by £5,350,000 a year."

When the right honourable gentleman next speaks on the subject he may have arrived somewhere near the truth, which is close on £9,000,000 a year on the average.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN GOVAN,

Fellow of the Faculty of Actuaries in Scotland.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Leicester, 20 December 1911.

SIR,—Will you permit me to say a few words in reference to the letter of Audrey Mary Cameron on her sex? When a woman makes statements which are easily disproved, when she condemns her own sex wholesale, then to that type one would assuredly regret to see power given. The difference between man and woman is too obvious to need referring to; the similarities are equally well known; so, too, is the fact so often referred to that women's sphere is the home. One would greatly wish to see all women therein installed; but one cannot ignore that present-day conditions and circumstances have forced woman out of her sphere and denied to thousands the joys of motherhood and the right to rear and train a future generation. It is admitted there are 5,000,000 women breadwinners. Out of this number many are running businesses and holding re-

sponsible positions. They are treated in the matter of taxation exactly on a par with men, yet the present Government talks of extending the franchise to irresponsible youths, ignoring the thinking, educated women who have to stand shoulder to shoulder with men in the battle for existence. Mr. Lloyd George, in a speech referring to women and the suffrage, says: "Can men altogether boast of their success as a governing body when they look round at the misery and evils within a stone's throw of Westminster?" It is easy to condemn; so difficult to improve, to build up. Our educational system is faulty, we know, but if we would have women more fit to form the social and moral world which A. M. Cameron inaccurately states has been left to them, we must go on training and developing their intellect.

A disrespectful attitude towards the sex does not tend to uplift either sex nor to inspire boys and men with a due regard for women—a matter of vital importance. The statement that women have failed in everything is not worth defending—men and women are equally full of weaknesses and of strengths. A. M. Cameron holds up Rome and Sparta as a warning in regard to the emancipation of women. Rome fell because she became demoralised, debauched, degenerate, not because her women came to the front or received political recognition. Let us take heed that we do not fall through the same causes! Does anyone think that Australia, which is to-day producing one of the most wholesome and healthy of races, will fall because she has given her women the rights of citizenship? She has already proved its beneficial agency; likewise some of the States of America. We had a few short years ago a Queen on the throne for sixty years whose name is a household word, honoured for her virtues and for an intelligent dealing with business and State affairs.

This hostile attitude of some women towards the political recognition of their sex is inexplicable. I can only conclude A. M. Cameron is a sheltered woman, who sees the colour of things through her own glasses only, who declines to look at the evils around, some of which will never be righted by men alone; but they may do something in conjunction with women.

Yours obediently,
C. ASHMORE-ASH.

[Will people never cease writing nonsense as to why and how "Rome fell"? "Demoralised, debauched, degenerate." This sort of cheap "history" should have had its day by now.—ED. S.R.]

PERSONAL LIBERTY AND THE MEDICINE MAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glasgow, 14 December 1911.

SIR,—Everyone must sympathise on general grounds with Mr. Stephen Coleridge's desire that the liberty of the subject should be preserved, though whether Mr. Lloyd George is to be regarded as one whose labours tend to its preservation, as Mr. Coleridge appears to imply, is a point upon which opinions may differ. There may also be a divergence of opinion as to whether Mr. Coleridge has succeeded in making good his charge that medical men are attempting to infringe personal liberty.

British subjects who attempt to take their own lives commit a breach of the laws of their country, and if the attempt is unsuccessful they are liable to punishment. Mr. Coleridge may consider that this law infringes the liberty of the subject, though it still continues in force and has been in existence much longer than the Acts he mentions. This does not alter the fact that we are all, including Mr. Coleridge, bound to prevent anyone committing suicide if the attempt is made in our presence or with our knowledge.

Now it would be very interesting to know whether Mr. Coleridge holds that if I see someone struggling in what I believe to be deep water I am bound to ascertain whether he wishes to be helped before I attempt to help him? Further, if the individual happens to be a child,

whether I am bound to obtain its parents' consent before I attempt to help it, or whether it would be right on my part to try to help the child even if the parents happened to be present and tried to prevent my saving it on the grounds that they honestly believed it better for the child that it should not be saved by me, although no other means than my endeavours were available? If I wait to consider the matter I shall realise that the water may, after all, not be very deep, that the person may be quite capable of looking after himself, and is only using his personal liberty in a somewhat curious manner. In fact, if I consider all possible contingencies conscientiously, a long time will be occupied. But if I wait it is quite likely that the person may drown, having, in spite of possible alternatives, fallen into the water accidentally or jumped in with the intention of committing suicide. What is my position if it turns out that the person could swim and was playing a practical joke, or if he protests that he did not want to be saved? In no case should I consider myself to blame in attempting to save a person I believed to be drowning, nor do I think an action for assault would be successful even supposing that I had hurt him in the process and that he pleaded that he had no intention of drowning himself, that he wished to experience the sensations of drowning, and was convinced that some power about which he knew nothing or with regard to which he was demonstrably misinformed would have saved him at the last minute had I not interfered. If the person pleaded that he wished to drown and that I had infringed his personal liberty, he would be sent to prison or to a lunatic asylum.

It is quite evident that the position of the medical man must often be that of a good swimmer who sees a person struggling in the water. Indeed, the medical man may have much better reason for believing that if he does not interfere the person will die, for he is in no doubt as to the result in the absence of interference. Very often the necessity for immediate action is as great as in the case of the swimmer who sees a person in the water, and the risk of a fatal result unless immediate action is taken becomes a certainty in some cases with which a doctor has to deal. The doctor's difficulties may be greater than the swimmer's. He knows the depth of the water, he knows that the patient cannot swim, he knows that the patient is ignorant with regard to these points, he may find that the patient or the patient's representatives have been prejudiced against the only chance of life by the utterances of irresponsible people, and he realises that without putting them through a course of anatomy, physiology, and several other equally technical subjects, it will be hopeless to try to convince them that he is right.

It is difficult to see, in such circumstances, how blame is to be attached to the medical man who uses his powers and opportunities to save life to the utmost limit of his power. It is, of course, possible that Mr. Coleridge believes and would have the public believe that the members of the medical profession have formed a conspiracy to injure many of their patients for the sake of amusement or gain, or that they do not do that which they honestly believe best for the patients who come to them. This would, of course, be a personal opinion, and one which would not form a very interesting subject for discussion. A conspiracy in the United Kingdom of over 39,000 educated persons, practically all of whom are necessarily hopelessly dishonest, is hardly a supposition which will be very generally accepted.

Believe me, Sir, your obedient servant,
CHARLES WALKER.

"THE AMATEUR SOLDIER AGAIN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wastdale, P.O. Rankin's Pass,
Nylstroom, Transvaal.
23 November 1911.

SIR,—Mr. Erskine Childers, with his "arme blanche" bee, is in a fair way to become a nuisance; a dangerous nuisance if he were taken seriously.

But the "cavalryman of repute" quoted by your reviewer in "The Amateur Soldier Again" in your

issue of 21 October goes too far; or, rather, his statement is too narrow.

The "reason the Boers retreated . . . before Roberts" was not "simply because they dared not face our cavalry", but because, generally speaking, they dared not face hand-to-hand fighting at all. Many a Boer force retreated hurriedly before troops which included no cavalry: where cavalry, had they been present, could not have fought as such.

Ask any foot-soldier who ever fixed bayonet in South Africa, and he will bear witness that it is not only the mounted soldier with lance or sword but the soldier with a steel weapon, whether on horse or foot, who is the terror.

Nor will any man who played the noble game of "drawing the Boer fire"—by offering an irresistible target—forget the effect of the guns, were it only a nine-pound Hotchkiss with defective ammunition.

But the general Boer failure to stand up and fight lies deeper than the question of weapons. The fact is, the Boer mostly has no stomach for fighting at all, unless it takes the form of safe manslaughter.

The old voortrekker battles with Kaffirs are not to the point; where escape is impossible, and surrender or capture means death by torture, any animal will risk his skin recklessly. Let those who believe in the latter-day Boer—at least, as a warrior—study the progress of the Bill shortly to be introduced in our Parliament for a Colonial Defence Force. Some of my neighbours are already preparing to abandon their farms and trek out of the Union sooner than incur liability for service.

Whether it is safe to deduce from the Boer War data for fighting civilised troops is a matter for the expert. But, if it is, Mr. Childers is wrong: if not, he is superfluous.

Yours faithfully,
"ANOTHER AMATEUR SOLDIER."

SICILIAN PATRIOTISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

41 Upper Brook Street W.,
24 November 1911.

SIR,—As the daughter of a Sicilian patriot, I shall be most grateful to you if you will publish these few lines of protest against the words of your critique on Mr. George Trevelyan's book, "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy", published in your issue of 18 November. It is there stated that the men of the North really freed Italy, and that "the revolution was in the main imported and not native to the soil". To begin with, it should be remembered that on 12 January 1848 Sicily rose alone and unaided and held her independence for sixteen months, and had not the diplomacy of Europe interfered to prevent her, would then have gained her liberty. As it was, thousands of Sicilians and Southern Italians paid the penalty of their patriotism and were exiled or imprisoned for eleven long years. When finally freedom was obtained in 1860, such Sicilians as Crispi and Rosolino Pilo were to be found with Garibaldi and his heroic "mille", and took an active part in fighting as they had done in the organisation of the expedition. An abortive attempt had already been made in April of that year by the Sicilians in Palermo, which ended in the execution of thirteen of the most prominent participators and the imprisonment of many others. A spark only was required to rekindle the smouldering fire, and Garibaldi and his followers supplied it!

I beg to remain, Sir, yours truly,
TINA WHITAKER,
Author of "Sicily and England".

PICCADILLY GATES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glendora, Hindhead, Surrey,
18 December 1911.

SIR,—In the collection of Lord Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton—printed by Colston and Co., of Edin-

burgh—is one dated 26 August 1803, written at sea, in which, speaking of proposed improvements at Merton Place, Surrey, he writes: "I shall hope to find the new room built, the grounds laid out neatly but not expensively, new Piccadilly gates, kitchen garden, etc. Only let us have a plan, and then all will go on well". Is it possible that any of your readers can offer an explanation of what is meant by the term "Picadilly gates"?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Union Club of Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.
6 December 1911.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to an article appearing in your issue of 26 August, which, purporting to be a critique upon Mr. John Formby's "The American Civil War", diverges into diatribes against certain Federal generals as "braggart" and "inveracious", but particularly aspersing the memories of two of the most illustrious defenders of the Union during the continuance of that great struggle.

While Mr. Formby has unquestionably been betrayed into certain errors of statement and deduction, his admirable and unique system of tabulations and foot-notes, with some other excellent features, make his "History" a most valuable vade mecum for the student of those campaigns and battles.

It is absolutely incredible that your contributor should not have been fully acquainted with the facts involved in the traduction to which he has lent himself. He surely cannot have been at his best when he ascribed such unworthy motives to those two officials, from his own State, when they unhesitatingly and unswervingly selected the course that their consciences dictated them to follow.

All the facts in the case of Major-General George Henry Thomas (a Virginian) have been so often and widely spread on record by such historiographers and comrades as Generals Tecumseh W. Sherman, Richard W. Johnson, James A. Garfield (the former President), Alfred L. Hough, Robert Patterson, Colonel Sanford C. Kellogg, President Henry Coppee (of Bethlehem University, Pa.), Chaplain Van Horne, William Swinton, Donn Piatt and many others too numerous to mention, that it can only be conjectured that your contributor has swept them all aside as so many "hysterical denials, after the event". Donn Piatt's analysis of the workings of the minds of the two distinguished Virginians, Generals Thomas and Lee, is worth consideration. After passing the highest encomiums upon the personal characteristics of that great Confederate commander, it proffers the suggestion (pp. 80 et seq.) that the differentiation might lie in the domination of Thomas' virile mind and his indomitable will over the mere though potent ties which sentimentally bound him to his State and people, when brought to contemplate the dissolution of our Union of States.

General Sherman visited Colonel Thomas when he joined the "Army of the Shenandoah" and records his testimony as to the conversation that took place, which breathed absolute loyalty to the Union.

Major Richard W. Johnson, of Kentucky, was at the period referred to by your contributor a captain in the regiment of which Thomas was the junior of its two majors, the then 2nd U.S. Cavalry. He relates in his "Life of General Thomas" (pp. 37 et seq.) that he was stationed at Fort Mason, Texas, when Thomas had gone on leave of absence, and when Lieut.-Colonel Robert Edward Lee had been called to Washington by General Scott for consultation. Its colonel, Albert Sidney Johnston, was also detached in command of the Department of California. The senior major, William Joseph Hardee, had been recently promoted to the lieutenant-

colonelcy of the 4th (formerly the 1st) Cavalry, thus elevating Thomas to the position of senior major. Lee tendered his resignation 20 April 1861, which in its turn promoted Thomas in the regular course of procedure to the lieutenant-colonelcy. Johnston handed in his resignation 3 May, and, in like manner of regular gradation, Thomas became the colonel of his own regiment! At once abandoning his leave (invalid as he was), he reported for duty at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., where the fragments of the regiment had arrived, and thereupon assumed its command. From there he marched it to join Patterson's "Army of the Shenandoah" (in which this writer was then serving), and with which he acted simply in his rank of major until he received his official notification of his promotion to that grade of colonel during the continuance of that campaign! He received no promotion "by selection" until 3 August, when he was made a brigadier of Volunteers; a few months later becoming a major-general of Volunteers for his distinguished services. And he was not promoted in the permanent establishment until the latter part of 1863! These are the official records, to be known to all men; while this atrocious aspersion declares that he "fell to the tempting bait" of "offered promotion".

While on the subject of this 2nd Cavalry, its personnel was the topic of much discussion in the old army on account of the peculiarity of the geographical origin of so many of its appointees. The regiment had been organised in 1855, under the régime of Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of War during the administration of his friend, Franklin Pierce. From the colonel down, no less than twenty-five of its officers were from Southern or border States; and when it is found of all its field officers that Thomas was strong enough to resist the potent influence of camaraderie, when nineteen of these officers entered the service of the Confederacy, his stalwart and answering patriotism can best be estimated.

Ex-President James Abram Garfield, who had served in various grades up to that of major-general of Volunteers, and under Thomas, in his brilliant oration upon his old commander after his death records (p. 12) that when a comrade asked Thomas what he would do if Virginia should vote to secede, he made the warm retort "I will help to whip her back again"!

General Alfred Lacey Hough, U.S. Army, of New Jersey, as a confidential Staff Officer of General Thomas, was in the habit of taking notes of the conversations held with his chief, and Colonel Sanford Cobb Kellogg, U.S. Army, is likewise on record as to all these points. In regard to the letter of Thomas' former subordinate, Fitzhugh Lee, of the "Virginia Despatch", of 23 April 1870, Piatt (pp. 85 et seq.) gives the emphatic statement of General Thomas, "that is an entire fabrication not having an atom of foundation", etc. The assertion had been made in that letter that General Thomas had hesitated as to the course which he took later, and that a communication existed from him in which he had made a tentative overture for office under the Confederacy. When this charge came to be properly investigated, the fiction was found to be based upon a letter by him to Colonel Francis Henney Smith, of Va., formerly a lieutenant in the U.S. Army, from which he had resigned. He was then the Superintendent of the "Virginia Military Institute" at Lexington, Va. That letter had been written seeking for further information respecting an advertisement for a commandant, which had attracted General Thomas' attention while invalided at the "New York Hotel", the favourite resort for Southerners. Thomas had met with a serious injury to his spine while alighting from a car in the dark, from which he never fully recovered, and on account of which he was in a state of great mental depression, as he feared he would be unable to return to active duty. Hence he had given some thought to some such employment by which he could earn support. The matter went no farther, but very shortly there was a letter from Governor Letcher, of that State, proffering him an appointment as Chief of Ordnance, C.S. Army. His stern reply, under date of 12 March, can be found in

Donn Piatt's work, on page 82. The most convincing attestation however comes from his devoted helpmeet, to whom he had been married in 1852. Surely the chivalry of a Virginian will prevent anything so ungallant as to include this among those alleged "hysterical denials"! It will be found in a life of Thomas by Henry Coppée, of Georgia, who had, as a graduate of the U.S. Military Academy; five years later than the subject of the memoir, served for a decade in the old 1st Artillery. Coppée, through his intimacy with the General and his family, was permitted to quote in the "Memoir" a letter from Mrs. Thomas, dated 9 November 1884. It bears reference to a certain statement made in the "Reminiscences" of Major-General Erasmus Darwin Keyes, U.S.A., as to her influence, and that of her family, having been a potent force in keeping her husband in the Union ranks. That letter reads thus: "General Keyes' private opinion that I was the cause of General Thomas remaining in the service is decidedly a mistake. I do not think they met from the time General Thomas went to Kentucky to join that army, until they met in San Francisco, years after. There was never a word passed between General Thomas and myself, or any one of the family, upon the subject of his remaining loyal to the U.S. Government! We felt that whatever his course, it would be from a conscientious sense of duty; that no one could persuade him to do what he felt was not right". And so this "Rock of Chickamauga"—as his soldiers loved to term him—"the noblest Roman of them all"—could not find it in his heart to draw his sword against the country that had educated him, and to which he had sworn allegiance, and thus typified in his grand personality the true patriot—in its broadest and truest signification.

As to Admiral Farragut's case, the writer does not possess such intimate and personal knowledge, but the facts have been so often and historically attested, and they are so well known that it appears to be almost supererogatory to retail them here. But that your readers may not be led to believe from such aspersions that these Union servitors were so despicable as to be influenced by unworthy motives, the case is summarised as follows, and confirmed by a letter just received by the writer from the late Admiral's son, Loyall by name and loyal by nature and training.

Captain Farragut was residing in Norfolk, Va., among his relatives and life-long friends, when the war-clouds began to gather. Like others from that section, he had been regarded by the Administration with a certain amount of uncertainty as to their loyalty, and hence he had not been given "sea-duty". But his Union sentiments had been so pronounced and so openly declared among his associates that he was told one day that he could not live in Norfolk with such sentiments. To this he retorted: "Well, I can live somewhere else!" and he took his son by the hand and walked out, leaving with him and the mother for the North, via Baltimore, that evening. This was the very date, 15 April, when President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to uphold the laws of the Union. Taking up residence on the Hudson River, he was still there at the time the expedition for the capture of New Orleans was being prepared, and when the Secretary of the Navy was seeking for a commander for the flotilla to accompany it. Lieutenant David D. Porter was called into consultation, and even, it is said, was tendered the command, but demurred on account of his relatively low rank. When interrogated as to whom he might designate as a fitting selection, he replied off-hand: "The very man is living up on the Hudson, David Farragut!" When the Secretary expressed his doubts as to his loyalty Porter declared he would vouch for it, and volunteered to interview Farragut upon the subject. Farragut promptly accepted, and was assigned to the command. The results—the capture of the Metropolis of Louisiana, and his exploits in Mobile Bay—are among the most notable events of that war.

JOHN C. WHITE,
Major U.S. Army (Retired).

REVIEWS.

A PARD-LIKE SPIRIT.

"The Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Edited by C. D. Locock. London: Methuen. 1911. 2 vols. 21s. net.

TO annotate the works of Shelley, who was most inaccurate about such trifles as dates, is a difficult task, to combine with a carefully edited text a complete apparatus criticus together with adequate explanatory notes on all the poems, is a prodigious undertaking. Such has been Mr. Locock's object as editor, and it has been attained with some measure of success; the notes are valuable except where such trivial suggestions as "where'er" for "wherever", the mere lumber of scholarship, are made; the reader finds much to interest him, the student finds much that is new to him, for few of the poems of Shelley are so clear that he who runs may read; yet details of capitals, and even commas, in the Harvard and Bodleian MSS. are in most cases ignored by the majority of readers. Alternative readings and parallel passages serve to suggest the workings of the poet's mind as he wrote; and it was Trelawny, we think, who first called attention to a scrap of manuscript of some half-dozen lines, which was scored through with alterations sufficient for twice the number of lines, enabling us to gather how great a master of language Shelley was and how careful that each metaphor and word should effectually hit the sense.

Many poets find their opportunity in putting into verse the ideas of those philosophers who precede them; Coleridge was the poet of transcendental philosophy, Tennyson of the theory of evolution. The same is true of Shelley, who may be said to have reviewed in verse the philosophy of those who prepared the way for the French Revolution; and though he might say with Horace:

Me quoque pectoris
Temptavit in dulci juventa
Fervor et in celeres iambos
Misit furem,

yet his poems seem to have sprung from twin fountains. One was his desire to reform the world and to reform it by poetry in a definite way; such a desire, like that of the moth for the star, was doomed to failure though he would willingly have become a martyr to further his object. The other was the fretful agitated desire of the idealist, a longing to jump straight into a melius ævum. The former might be described as practical and corporeal, the latter as impractical and spiritual; they merge into one another and are with difficulty to be distinguished; the first shows itself more clearly in the earlier poems with their human element, the second in the later poems in which, as he himself said, he did not deal in mere flesh and blood. As his poetry grew less human, so it grew better and we might say more divine.

Like Cowper he recognised the upward growth of man to ideal perfection. His hope for the future betterment of the race appears crudely in "Queen Mab", ebbs and flows throughout the "Revolt of Islam" and rises in a triumphant burst in the fourth act of "Prometheus Unbound". He was one of those who saw clearly the psychological case for peace, and who supposed that war was only justifiable when it righted a wrong or secured the better government of a people and released them from a tyranny. He guessed that nationality as a garrison-force would have to yield to the march of cosmopolitanism, and that socialism would turn its swelling stream into an international channel. He was disappointed that the result of his great revolution should be the sacrifice of the vitality of a nation to what he regarded as the military aggrandisement of an adventurer. His dream lacking some immediate realisation, he became more spiritual, less human; and it is as an idealist that he

shows his true power. He owed indeed little to the endowment of the age in which he lived; his power lay in the uncommunicated lightning of his own mind. Just as he read absorbing the matter of a page while passing his finger down the lines and picking out the salient words, so he wrote, at fever heat, throwing off ideas and images with intense rapidity. He was always with eager lips drinking the wind of his own speed. His grasp was complete of the written page which his eyes devoured, and his knowledge of his own meaning in what he wrote was just as complete. With no other poet do the keenest intellectual vision and beauty of poetic thought and diction move so closely together. He was a master of rhythm, but his verse never degenerates into a mere dance of harmonious words: the thought is always there, however hard to reach. He was steeped in Greek literature, and though Mr. Locock says he has copied, almost transcribed, lines and verses of Bion and Moschus, it is to be remembered that the works of these poets had been read and absorbed by him; he remodelled and reproduced their ideas when his mind concentrated on a subject akin to theirs. He lived in a world above the senses, as a soul within a soul. Words—artistic temperament, and so forth—fail to give any idea of the workings of his extraordinary mind, and criticism is inept, and perforce silent, over some of his lyrics. It may be said that his creed was the creed of an inconstant imagination; to him the highest virtues were purely passive, the love we feel is a greater glory and a greater happiness than the love we excite; he could not select one out of a crowd to be mistress or friend, but when he thinks he has found his soul's mate he beats with frenzy at the bars which separate individual minds. The desire of his soul was an unquenchable desire, never satisfied, always rising with untired wings into new heights, wearied of the old, fresh ever with the vigour of a disembodied spirit whose race is just begun; he bore his torch, the light of what he thought to be the hope of the world; and while his contemporaries failed absolutely to understand him, and their estimation of his poetry is as poor as it is valueless, in later ages, as Mr. Locock's book serves to show, semper crescet posteriori laude recens.

"L'HOMME QUI ROULAIT BISMARCK."

"Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier G.C.B., from 1826 to 1876." By his daughter, Mrs. Rosslyn Wemyss. 2 vols. London: Arnold. 1911. 32s. net.

THEY who take up these volumes in the hope of finding an intimate portrait of one of the ablest diplomatists of Victoria's reign will be disappointed. For reasons best known to herself Mrs. Wemyss tells us little or nothing about her father's private life, about his marriage, his friendships, his relations with his children. Indeed, the book is not a biography of Sir Robert Morier, but a very interesting, if somewhat too exhaustive history of European politics between 1850 and 1876, of which the central act was the formation of the present German empire. We cannot help regretting this method, because from the glimpses we get in letters to Jowett, to Lady Salisbury (afterwards Lady Derby); to Mallet, to Ernest Stockmar, and to his father, it is evident that Sir Robert Morier was a most human and lovable man, full of enthusiasm and irascibility, a warm friend and a hot enemy, an irrepressible sense of humour bubbling up through all his earnestness and vast caves of learning. Such a man in his hours of ease, when he was not writing despatches but unbuttoning his mind to a friend, must have been a delightful companion. It is obvious that Mrs. Wemyss has imposed a severe restraint upon her feelings, and that some of her father's super-earnestness has descended upon her pen in the discharge of her filial duty. We can only say that, while we appreciate her high sense of the solemn and important part Sir Robert Morier played

in German politics, we could have spared some of the learned disquisitions upon the constitution of Hesse and those terrible Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein for the sake of some more of the intimate letters and conversation of a very original man. To be frank, we doubt whether anyone, however keen his interest in Continental politics, will have the patience to wade through the chapters on Hesse, on the early Prussian Constitution, and the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein. These questions never did interest anyone outside Germany; they have only a remote connexion with the evolution of the German Empire, and now that they have fallen into the dusty crypt of historical "choses jugées" no one will trouble about their bones. In all his work Morier had a weakness for tracing the locomotive back to the kettle, as Jowett told him, and a good deal of dead historical lumber might have been taken out of these volumes. What makes the transcendent interest of this book a real living modern interest, is the story of Bismarck seizing the hegemony of Europe by first driving Austria out of Germany by the war of 1866, and then crushing the pretensions of France by the war of 1870. Morier was in a very advantageous position for watching and influencing the extraordinary events which, in the space of ten or eleven years, changed the map and the destiny of Europe, broke up for ever the Holy Roman empire, and shattered the glittering fabric of the Grand Monarch and the two Napoleons. The battles of Solferino, Sadowa, and Sedan (1859, 1866 and 1870) resulted in the unification of Italy and the formation of a German, as distinguished from an Austro-German empire. What Italy may make of her unification—which she did little to deserve, and, but for Napoleon and Bismarck, would never have achieved—remains to be seen. What Germany has made of her unification is before the world. During those ten eventful years Morier was in a quite subordinate diplomatic position. He began as unpaid attaché at Vienna; he was shifted in a similar capacity to Berlin; he was made First Secretary to the Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, and was then shunted to Stuttgart, and then to Munich. But though it was a scandal that a man of Morier's splendid ability and rare information should have been left for twenty years to kick his heels at one petty German Court after another, it must not be supposed that he was regarded as an ordinary chargé d'affaires. He was the intimate friend of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia (afterwards Emperor and Empress Frederick) and of the Stockmars, father and son, and, as he spoke French and German perfectly, he was on the best of terms with most of the leading diplomatists of the Continent, as well as with several leading savants. He had been appointed (with Mallet) as Agent or Commissioner to negotiate the first commercial treaty between Austria and England, and was distinctly "bien vu" at the Court of Vienna. At home he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Lord Russell and the Derbys, and had attracted the attention of Gladstone. We mention these facts to explain the great influence which Morier exercised on mid-European politics at a very critical moment, and entirely behind the scenes. That influence was acquired by brains and knowledge and earnestness of character. We have no doubt that under-secretaries at the Foreign Office in London thought him a bore; we dare say Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville did not read his despatches—they were so long. But the Germans did not think him a bore; they thought him a great man, though only a secretary of legation; and the Germans, as usual, were right.

Morier hated Bismarck as he did the devil; indeed, he regarded the Chancellor, with his "blood and iron" methods, as the incarnation of the Evil One. The whole of his career in Germany—nearly a quarter of a century—was spent in thwarting Bismarck. And yet the "idée mère" of Morier's European policy was the hegemony of Germany, under the lead of Prussia, which could only be achieved by ousting Austria from Germany. In the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 Morier wrote and said to everyone that the best thing

that could happen to Europe and to Austria would be the victory of Prussia and the driving back of Austria within the limits of Austria and Hungary. Again, in 1870, Morier was equally clear and emphatic that when it came to be a question of whether France or Germany should lead Europe, it was for the benefit of the world that Germany should beat France. Here there was a strange contradiction in the man, for Morier said that Cavour and Napoleon were the only statesmen in Europe who understood and sympathised with the "overlapped" or young generation. But Morier, though he had French blood in his veins—he tells us more than once that several of his cousins fought in the French army—was quite certain that the Protestant-Teutonic civilisation was better for the world than the Catholic-Latin civilisation. His policy was therefore identical with Bismarck's, and he ought to have been his ally. But he hated the brutality and mendacity of Bismarck's methods—besides he was the intimate friend and counsellor of the Crown Prince and Princess. Morier believed, and loudly proclaimed in conversation and in letters, that England might have prevented the war between France and Germany in 1870 by one word. If the British Government had whispered in the ear of the French Government, even at the eleventh hour, that England would side with Germany, there would have been no war, as it was perfectly known in Europe that Napoleon would never face a coalition of Germany and Britain. Of course, Gladstone and his Ministers were far too much absorbed in their Irish Land Bill—"parochial politics", as Morier bitterly sneered—to pay any attention to the "Weltpolitik" of Europe. But supposing England had spoken the word. Should we not have earned the undying enmity of France? Morier more or less admits this, but replies that it would have been better than incurring, for "generations to come", the enmity of Germany, which is true, as things have turned out. That we did incur the hatred of Germany by our action, or rather inaction, in 1870 is unquestionable; and those who are puzzled by the apparently incurable hostility of the German nation towards England should read these memoirs. It appears that the Germans expected us to side with them because their ancestors helped ours to beat Buonaparte at Waterloo, and that they regarded our neutrality as a desertion of an old ally. That seems to us a little far-fetched, especially as we had fought side by side with the French in the Crimea. We ought to have known, urges Morier, that the Germans must win, and, therefore, on the lowest motives, we ought to have sided with them. How were we to know? Morier's answer amounts to this: that were we not so absorbed in our parochial or insular squabbles we ought to have known that 800,000 citizen soldiers of Germany, solid, earnest laymen, must beat the Pretorians of the corrupt Empire. There is a great deal of truth in this. British statesmen are, and always will be, profoundly ignorant of what is going on in Europe. Then the Germans declared that our Birmingham manufacturers sold munitions of war after the declaration of war, and that our Newcastle coal merchants sold coal, to the French. There can be no doubt whatever that after Sedan there was an outburst of British sympathy with the French, and that all through the siege of Paris our Press and public were bitterly hostile to the Germans. We believe that our behaviour in 1870 is the real explanation of the bad feeling between Germany and Great Britain to-day. So far as his diplomatic career in Germany was concerned, Morier's triumph came five years later. In 1875, when he was Minister at Munich, Morier heard, on indisputable authority, that Bismarck was actually trying to begin another war on France. Blowitz, the correspondent of the "Times" in Paris, wrote an article which sent a shudder through Europe and caused a kind of panic. Bismarck's object, according to Morier, was to get out of a difficulty with the new German Reichstag about the military law. To counteract Bismarck and to prevent what he rightly regarded as a frightful sin Morier exerted all his energy and influence. He wrote to Lord Derby, at that time Foreign Secretary, and implored him to come to an

understanding with Schouvalow, the Russian Ambassador in London, to stop this catastrophe. He wrote twice at great length to the Crown Prince, and saw him twice on his way to and from Italy, when we can imagine the sort of "jobation" which he delivered to the Heir-Apparent. Morier triumphed over Bismarck in the most complete fashion. Lord Derby did see Count Schouvalow and the two did come to an understanding to prevent war. The Russian Ambassador at Berlin was instructed accordingly. The Crown Prince was so shocked by what Morier told him that he made an effort to talk to the Emperor, who was very angry and "sat on" Bismarck at the next Cabinet Council. Morier really saved France, and the French never forgot it. Years afterwards, when Sir Robert Morier passed through Paris, he was treated with more than royal honours. Everyone saluted him, and the very guards on the railways nudged one another and craned their necks to catch a sight of "l'homme qui roulait Bismarck". Mrs. Wemyss leaves her father (so far as the reader of these memoirs is concerned) on the border of the Promised Land. Almost immediately after his triumph over Bismarck Lord Derby appointed Morier Minister at Lisbon, and he closed his career as Ambassador at S. Petersburg.

To use a common phrase, Sir Robert Morier stood in his own way. He was far too clever and industrious to be suppressed, but his promotion would have come quicker if he had not talked and written quite so much. He had ideas, and knowledge, and courage, all rare qualities in a diplomatist. But he had no sense of perspective, and no power of compression. Every fact, so long as it was a fact, was to Morier important, a weakness which made him often intolerably diffuse. To say of an ambassador that he mistook his calling seems a paradox. All the same, Morier was a born lawyer, for he had an unequalled faculty of beating down his opponent in argument, sometimes by clamour and a torrent of words. No one ever did defend "his country, right or wrong", more clearly and courageously than Sir Robert Morier.

A POOR EXILE FROM ERIN.

"Irish Recollections." By Justin McCarthy. London Hodder and Stoughton. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

AMIAILITY was ever the virtue of the old chairman of the anti-Parnellites—a nice gentleman for a tea-party; so he was once described by Parnell himself. One read such works as "The Story of an Irishman" and "A History of Our Own Times" in astonishment at the thought that their author was engaged in the rough-and-tumble of Anglo-Irish politics. Mr. McCarthy's latest book, his "Irish Recollections", shows him at his mildest, which is saying a great deal. The veteran politician, in his eighty-first year, and in the teeth, as it were, of Mr. Healy, Parnell and the Sinn Feiners, has reasserted his right to be agreeable and to amuse the Englishry among whom, indeed, he has spent the large part of his active and benevolent life.

But the matter of this book is unfortunately exceedingly slight; nor can we think that Mr. McCarthy has succeeded in giving "shape and coherence" to his early memories of Ireland. There are chapters on Absenteeism and on Dublin Castle, outworn subjects upon which Mr. McCarthy has nothing new to say; and the narrative is interspersed with light anecdotes and occasional references to modern politics. Needless to say, our author ends on what is called a note of hope. In the last chapter Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond receive his blessing. The times were out of joint, but men have been born, both in England and Ireland, to set them right. For the rest Mr. McCarthy writes about Cork, where—luckiest of men!—he was born amid a scenery of the most "picturesque and poetic" kind. Cork, we imagine, is the town of Ireland which has changed least during the past sixty years; and we are certain that Mr. McCarthy would find its character to-day quite as delightful as of yore, were it not for the Healyite influ-

ence in its politics and the passing of its literary supremacy to Dublin.

However, the poets whose bad verses Mr. McCarthy quotes were not likely to establish a tradition. A more important figure in this book is that of Father Mathew, the temperance reformer, a man of Cork whose services were badly needed in his own city. Cork was in the habit of drinking too much. Also it was, perhaps, over-fond of sport. But no one could question its general moral soundness—witness the misadventure, naively recounted by our author, of the Continental ladies who established themselves with doubtful intentions in a house on the Grand Parade. Their presence threw Cork into a state of nervous excitement; but, generally speaking, the town seems to have felt itself to be rather cut off from the great world and its ways. The young gentlemen who supported a Quarterly Review and a literary club, devoured Dickens and Thackeray and longed to see the sights of London; however, when Mr. McCarthy gave a match to an old sailor in Queenstown and the man told him he had got a light for the same pipe from Lord Byron near Athens, he was verily assured that his boon companions and himself had a part in the European scheme. Mention of Byron naturally reminds Mr. McCarthy of Thomas Moore, whom he still considers a great poet, the "Harp of Erin"—which again reminds him that they were a very musical lot in the Cork of his childhood.

Mr. McCarthy puts his Home Rule convictions on record once more, with as much emphasis as he ever cares to command, but we can well imagine that his attitude towards Ireland will move many Nationalists—men of the type of Larry Doyle in "John Bull's Other Island"—to terrible wrath. Not for a moment do we compare Mr. McCarthy to Tim Haffigan. To begin with, our author was a disciple of Father Mathew, and we are sure that on festive occasions in old Cork he did as the priests did—that is, joined the ladies immediately after dinner. All the same it is evident that he has always been "that delightful Irishman" to all the Tom Broadbents he has come across, and they have been many. Did he not start his long and happy career in England on a Radical newspaper of a provincial town? He is the type par excellence of the sentimental and successful Irish exile.

It is rather amusing, cynics will think, to read Mr. McCarthy's comments on those "residents in Ireland" who, as he says, persist "in asserting their claims to be regarded as importations from England", despite their Hibernian accents and names. These people exist and are ridiculous enough; but the satirist of Irish manners will also find ample material in those residents in England who set up as "exiled" Irishmen. "When some of us, the mere Irish", writes Mr. McCarthy, "paid an occasional visit to London we were generally both surprised and pleased to find that among the English themselves there seemed to be no assumption whatever of any superior gentility... they were quite willing to make friends with us, without any hesitation because of our nationality". Precisely; but the explanation is as simple as possible. In Ireland political and race divisions roughly correspond with social divisions, therefore such of the mere Irish as have "genteel" ambitions affect English ways and pretend to a Cromwellian descent, whereas in England the affectation has been unnecessary, for in England—at least, in Radical England—every Irishman with a Keltic name is supposed to be descended from kings, and thus a new profession opens out for him—that of the poor exile from Erin. Ireland, we began to think after reading this book, or, at least, Catholic Ireland, possesses no sense of nationality, only a race instinct, and this is why it is easier to be what is called a good Irishman outside of Ireland than within it; it explains Mr. McCarthy and his illusions, and we recalled an old theory—namely, that the vocation of the Kelt is to make England more Irish than Ireland itself, and that in this shape will the Irish revenge upon their conquerors present itself at the last.

EGERIA'S SECRET.

"What is and what might be: a Study of Education in General and Elementary Education in Particular."

By Edmond Holmes. Third Edition. London: Constable. 1911. 4s. 6d. net.

WHO is Egeria? Egeria was a teacher in Utopia, who made all her children happy and able and well-mannered. In her school none was before or after another; no one thought of a prize, but every one worked for the common good. No one ever wanted to do anything wrong: so no one ever did anything wrong; and there were no tears and no punishments; all was done for love; Egeria reigned by love; and in her service all were free. And in this freedom they continued strong throughout their lives, remembering all Egeria had said and remaining always near her, no matter how far off they might be; able to do their duty and doing it; having neither fear of death nor trouble about hereafter, sure that by love they would win through to other worlds, and, loving more and more, would reach unto the heavens and to God.

This is not a burlesque; it is not even a parody; it is the essence of this most remarkable book; and both its weakness and strength are in it. No doubt it all seems a little too good for this world; such children would be too bright and good for human nature's daily food; they almost suggest the painful little angels of unco pious story-books. Would not they be all prigs and insufferable? one is thinking after a chapter of Mr. Holmes' Utopians. And Egeria? Well, it brings one down rather heavily to sober fact to hear that Egeria is married. A village tradesman's wife may be as great a woman as any queen upon her throne, of course; but one would rather contemplate Egeria as a being slightly apart. However, this will show readers that Egeria is a fact and Utopia a real school; and this makes it all the more unfortunate that Mr. Holmes should have called it Utopia and made it too perfect to believe in. He unfortunately had not a sense of humour to save him; or he would not have made this mistake, which weakens the whole book. We fear it is the author expressing himself. Mr. Holmes has divine intuition and he had the honesty to tell the truth about the ordinary run of elementary teachers; but he had not the courage to go boldly through with the truth after the circular was published. For many years he was Chief Inspector of elementary schools; why did he wait to declare *urbi et orbi* the great truths contained in this book until he had given up his office and responsibility? He is a greater prophet (he would be terribly angry if we called him priest) than man. His head is undoubtedly in the heavens, but his feet have never been planted firmly on the earth. So that, not being an angel but a human, he is unable to get a stance either in air or on earth.

This we have said as in duty bound, for the truth ought to be told, but in sorrow; for we hold this to be a great book—the greatest educational book we have ever read—in spite of all its religious crankiness, which one need not attend to. There are few men we would so soon speak up for as Mr. Holmes; if only for his mean abandonment by both parties in Parliament, both equally aware that he had told the truth, both equally alike scared from saying so by the National Union of Teachers. If a single one of the many in the House who have had official connexion with education had Mr. Holmes' insight, or any of it, for the one thing needful in teaching, we might have real national education by now instead of the miserable failure Mr. Holmes shows it to be.

What is Egeria's secret? It is that to educate a child is to help him to grow on the lines laid down for him before he was born. The teacher is the gardener who can interfere happily but now and then and here and there, who uses pruning-hook and stick and spade only to help the plant to attain its own *idéal*. In this is all the Law and the Prophets (but *not* the professors) of education, to those who have ears to hear and eyes to see it.

DANISH CHINA.

"Royal Copenhagen Porcelain." By Arthur Hayden. London: Unwin. 1911. 42s. net.

THE earliest attempts at porcelain-making in Copenhagen still lack their historian. But to the productions since 1760 down to the present day Mr. Arthur Hayden has done justice, perhaps more than justice, in this handsome volume. His visit to Denmark, his communications with Danish owners of specimens old and new, his study of the native literature of the subject, as well as his examination of such examples as exist in this country, have enabled him to compile a readable and even interesting history of a factory which had hitherto not attracted the attention it deserves. The life of these porcelain-works has not indeed been continuous. There have been vicissitudes, as well as physical and financial difficulties; but can one cite the case of a single porcelain factory of which something similar may not be said?

Works called after the adjacent "Blue Tower" were handed over in 1760 to a Frenchman, Louis Fournier. He carried on the manufacture of an imitative or artificial porcelain for five or six years with a considerable measure of success. This soft-paste china was the production of a Royal factory founded and supported by the King, Frederik V.; hence the mark painted on the pieces, a capital italic F followed by the numeral 5. Not many specimens of this porcelain have been recognised and recorded, but the list will probably be extended in consequence of the study of Mr. Hayden's monograph. He describes eighteen pieces, and figures several of them, including a vase and coffee-pot belonging to the Franks collection in the Bethnal Green Museum. We may not be able to admire all these productions of the Fournier period unreservedly, but we may allow ourselves to appreciate some of their technical merits. Accept the rococo style, the wreaths of applied flowers in the round associated with the pictorial treatment of figure and other subjects, and then the rich gilding, the bright green and the rose Pompadour grounds, the easy elegance of the forms, will appeal to the collector who esteems the more flamboyant pieces of Sèvres, and he will not refuse to accord a good place in his cabinet to any one of the more ornate productions of the Fournier kilns which he may be so fortunate as to possess. Still the simpler pieces of table or useful china, such as those figured on pages 23 and 36, are more likely to commend themselves to the severer critic. We expect that Mr. Hayden's illustrated account of Copenhagen soft-paste porcelain, the making of which continued for six years only, will stimulate the search for unrecognised examples of this rare fabrique. With the death of Frederik V. the manufacture ceased; then, after a break of a few years, a new factory was started, a hard-paste porcelain of German origin and character supplanting the more agreeable French paste and glaze.

The present flourishing Royal Copenhagen factory may, in a certain sense, be said to date from the year 1775. Its origin may be traced to the persistent labours of one Frantz Heinrich Müller, who was born on 17 November 1732. He had been an apprentice in a pharmacy and afterwards Guardian of the Copenhagen Mint. Then he travelled extensively in Germany with the object of acquiring as much knowledge of ceramic practice as was accessible. He obviously possessed a considerable acquaintance with the natural and applied science of his day, and had made many experiments in the manufacture of hard porcelain. The Danish Court at last favoured his undertaking, and on 13 March 1775 the new company was granted the monopoly of porcelain-making in Denmark. The German potters whom Müller enlisted in the service at its start were of little use, with the exception of the painter Johann Christoph Bayer of Nürnberg, and of A. C. Luplau from the china-works of Fürstenberg, who was an expert modeller. The mark of the new factory seems to have been suggested by the Dowager

Queen, Juliane Marie. It consists of three waved lines symbolising the three waterways of Denmark, and is borne to this day upon all the products of the factory: other and variable marks represent modellers and enamellers.

Mr. Hayden, to whom connoisseurs are largely indebted for precise information as to the work and acquirements of Müller, the guiding spirit of the factory, has given us, it would appear, a somewhat higher estimate of his achievements than that which is likely to be universally accepted. However, there can be no doubt that, to the indomitable courage and extraordinary assiduity of Müller, the very existence of the factory was due. A fiscal crisis was reached in 1779, but the State intervened, the debts were paid, and a period of larger production commenced. Although, for the full story of the fortunes and styles and important pieces and services turned out by the factory our readers must refer to Mr. Hayden's lively and enthusiastic pages, we may say a few words about some of the salient characteristics of the ware made at the Royal Porcelain Works from 1780 onwards.

In some of the earlier pieces from the revived factory we recognise features reminiscent of the Fournier period, especially in the floral reliefs; the drawing and colouring are harder and "tighter" than in the soft-paste examples, while the junction of the vase-bodies with their bases is less deftly managed (compare the vases on pages 69 and 154 with those on pages 30 and 41). During the Directorate of Müller, which lasted until 1801, an extensive service of enamelled porcelain was made for Catherine II. of Russia, the pieces being decorated with naturalistic figures of plants copied from the "Flora Danica", and, in some cases, with heavy masses of fruits and flowers "en ronde bosse". We cannot bring ourselves to feel much enthusiasm for the results of this careful and costly and tedious piece of work. It was carried out on faulty lines, in this respect resembling the long table service of British views which Wedgwood made for the same Russian Empress at a somewhat earlier date. The judgment passed by Mr. W. Burton, the ceramic expert, upon the English potter's Imperial table service, which he calls "singularly inartistic", applies to much of the naturalistic treatment of the Danish service also. We are bound to add that many of the figures, statuettes and groups given in Mr. Hayden's plates have a crude air, and fail, not in accuracy, but in consequence of their unsympathetic style; this observation applies especially to the productions of the period which closed in 1820. Half a century later the Copenhagen factory turned out another class of figures and reliefs in biscuit porcelain. These were, in their way, rather good copies of the elegant but somewhat insipid productions of the sculptor Thorwaldsen.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the blue under-glaze painting almost continuously carried on at Copenhagen, and especially of that particular sprig or spray pattern, which, whatever be its source, is generally called Danish, although employed at most china-works. The more recent productions of the Royal Danish factory, to which Mr. Hayden devotes some 150 pages, including many illustrations, belong to the last five-and-twenty years, and are probably familiar to many of our readers. A word, however, must be said about the crystalline, or partly crystallised, glazes introduced by Herr Clement about the year 1886, and reproduced in other factories, English as well as Continental. Eight specimens of these glazes are figured on pages 412, 413 and 417. We are reminded by the beautiful stellate groups of crystals occurring in these pieces—crystals—we believe, of artificial willemite, a zinc silicate—that a chapter on the raw materials, the technology, and the chemistry of these Danish porcelains would have been a desirable addition to Mr. Hayden's valuable monograph.

A NOBLE QUEEN.

"Maria Theresa." By Mary Maxwell Moffat. London: Methuen. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

OF the few women who have reigned in their own right most have played a conspicuous part in history. In our own annals the names of Elizabeth and Victoria stand pre-eminent. The Tsarinas Anne Ivanovna, Elizabeth Petrovna and Catherine the Second are far more forcible characters than most of the Tsars of the eighteenth century, while Ferdinand of Aragon would not be so well known had he not wedded Isabella of Castile. Yet there is perhaps no one who holds a more honourable place than Maria Theresa, the only woman of the Habsburg family who has ever been in her own right Archduchess of Austria and Queen of Bohemia and of Hungary. The critical character of the periods when these women reigned may in part account for this, but that explanation will not alone suffice. It may be that the possession of undisputed authority calls forth the best qualities in a woman's nature; whereas if that be denied she is, as in the case of most queen-consorts, either a nonentity or betakes herself to intrigues and exercises a baneful influence. Reigning queens, moreover, are generally more successful than kings in enlisting the enduring loyalty and devotion of their servants. The service of a woman excites the chivalrous spirit in man, while a queen can perhaps more easily surrender to the advice of her counsellors without any loss of dignity. No monarch at least has been better served than Maria Theresa, and never have the relations between sovereign and minister been more intimate and cordial than they were under the Empress-Queen. Nor is there any sign of servility in their correspondence. Even Kaunitz, though a fop in appearance, was no fawning courtier: on the contrary, he allowed himself a licence in addressing the Queen which has rarely been equalled, and often we find her yielding her noble, though sometimes somewhat Quixotic, views, not without a painful struggle, to the pressure brought upon her by her persistent minister.

The position of affairs when, at the age of twenty-four, Maria Theresa succeeded her father Charles VI. was a serious one. Of the hereditary dominions those inhabited by the German races were divided into Lower Austria round Vienna; Inner Austria, which comprised Styria, Carinthia and Carniola; and Tyrol and the Breisgau, which were called Further and Upper Austria. Outside these lay the Tzech or Slavic Bohemia, with its dependencies Silesia and Moravia, and Hungary, peopled by the Ruthenes, also of Slavic origin, with a Magyar nobility; both interspersed with an admixture of Germans. To these Charles VI. had added the Netherlands on the German Ocean, and Milan, Placentia and Parma in North Italy, while Francis of Lorraine, Maria's husband, had just acquired Tuscany in forcible exchange for his Duchy of Lorraine. The only bond between these territories was a personal one. They were held by different titles. There was no common legislative assembly nor even a central board of administration, and no less than eleven different dialects were spoken by the inhabitants of these widely scattered lands. Her father, instead of devoting his energies to the better government of these disjointed territories, and to the reformation of his finances and of his army, had wasted his resources in ambitious schemes of foreign policy, schemes which he had abandoned one by one in the vain desire to secure the assent of the Powers to his "Pragmatic Sanction", by which he had left the succession to his daughter. No sooner was he dead than the truth of Prince Eugène's warning, that a well-filled treasury and a well-drilled army would be a better security than a thousand guarantees, was realised.

Charles of Bavaria, who was the next male heir, at once claimed the hereditary lands; other claimants demanded at least some compensation; and Frederick II. of Prussia, with cynical effrontery, marched into Silesia. Of all the Powers, Russia, Holland and England alone stood by their guarantee, but of these, the first two were in no position to intervene, and England, engaged in

her conflict with France on the sea, only gave niggard help on land. Thus the young Queen found herself opposed by the formidable coalition of Frederick, France and Bavaria, to which the electors of Saxony and Cologne and the King of Sardinia gave their adhesion. That the Habsburgs succeeded in escaping from the war with only the loss of Silesia, of Parma and Placentia and some small concessions to Sardinia, was partly due to the absence of any community of interest among their enemies. Nevertheless, the issue might have been different had it not been for the courageous conduct of Maria. In later times she had capable ministers to advise her, but at the moment she was surrounded by those of her father, who were either old or incapable, while her husband was no statesman. Doubtless she made mistakes. Her Generals were for the most part ill-chosen, and her chivalrous scruples forbade her to replace either them or her ministers by more competent men. Yet throughout the struggle of seven years she gave the impulse and excited the enthusiasm which saved the Habsburg dominion from dismemberment or from passing to the Bavarian Wittelsbach.

The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was followed by a few years which were devoted to vigorous reform. Providence had removed many of the old counsellors whom Maria had considered "too respectable to be dismissed", and their places were taken by four remarkable men—Ludwig Haugwitz, Rudolf Chotek, Van Swieten and Wenzel Count Kaunitz. The first three devoted themselves to internal reform, while Kaunitz, turning to foreign affairs, effected that remarkable change in alliances which led to the union of the Bourbons and the Habsburgs, hitherto irreconcilable enemies.

Here perhaps the very virtues of Maria led her astray. Looking upon the seizure of Silesia, the fairest jewel of her crown, by Frederick as an act of pure brigandage, she refused to acquiesce in its final surrender, and by her attempts to form a coalition against him, gave him the excuse, in self-defence as he declared, yet at least in violation of all principles of international convention, to march into Saxony and occupy Dresden. "Good God", said the Saxon envoy, "such conduct is without example." "I think not", answered Frederick, "but even if that were so, are you not aware that I pride myself on being original?"

In the "Seven Years' War", which followed, Maria Theresa found the support of France a broken reed, yet, had it not been for the sudden death of Elizabeth of Russia, the arch-enemy Frederick must have been completely crushed. As it was, Silesia was not regained, but Austria suffered no further loss, and Frederick, saved by a miracle, henceforth avoiding war sought aggrandisement by clever, if somewhat dishonest, diplomacy. Two years after the close of the Seven Years' War (1763) the sole authority of the Queen came to an end. On the death of her husband in 1765 her "doctrinaire" son Joseph II. became co-regent and was elected Emperor. Though there was no loss of affection between mother and son, their views, both on questions of foreign and of internal policy, were diametrically opposed. Her high sense of rectitude was shocked by the first Partition of Poland, one of the most shameless deeds of the eighteenth century; her prudence condemned the rash and unsuccessful policy of her son in the matter of the Bavarian succession. But she was unable to stay the hand of her impetuous and imperious son, and her last days were disturbed by serious differences with him on State matters and by fears of the dangers which his rash desire for radical reform at home might bring upon her country. Her death in 1780, at the age of sixty-four, saved her at least from seeing those fears realised.

Maria Theresa had guided her country through one of its most critical periods, and as a stateswoman her name stands high. Nevertheless, it is her personal character which endeared her to her contemporaries. Some indeed have held that her very virtues were a snare. In the obstinate tenacity with which she nursed her desire to recover Silesia, in her enduring hatred of Frederick, in her refusal to dismiss her faithful though somewhat

incapable ministers and generals, and in her love of making matches for her daughters, which were most of them unfortunate,* we note a certain subordination of policy to sentiment which is perhaps peculiarly, though not exclusively, a feminine weakness. Be that as it may, if she was not exactly great, she was a noble character. Few, if any, queens have been so intensely human, fewer still have succeeded in maintaining the feminine virtues on the throne. No queen ever thought more of her children's welfare or showed greater tact and delicacy in her conduct to her husband when, as was Francis, he was in every way her inferior. It is more especially to this aspect of Maria Theresa that Miss Moffat draws attention. To those who wish to know more of the Queen's daily life and to get closer to her, and yet have not the time, or the inclination, to read the great work of Von Arnet, we can thoroughly recommend this book.

NOVELS.

"Dormant." By E. Nesbit. London: Methuen. 1911. 6s.

It seems that in order to confer everlasting youth upon your lady-love it is first necessary to put her into a trance which only an alchemist can distinguish from death. The Anthony Drelincourt of 1866 got as far as this with Eugenia, but being unable to return to the secret room to finish the process she lay locked up there until quite recently. Anthony Drelincourt, the nephew, was an alchemist too, with a laboratory at Malacca Wharf, somewhere down the Thames below bridges: he rented it from Rose, who had a studio there and a punt in which they and their Bohemian friends (comic relief) made post-prandial river excursions. Rose and Anthony became engaged, and when he succeeded to the family mansion he discovered the secret room and Eugenia's body, which was rather dusty but otherwise quite beautiful; and at once recognising that she wasn't dead he brought her to London packed in a chest with sofa cushions and successfully took up the job of making her young for ever at the point where his uncle had left off. The upshot was not happy. The lovely Eugenia was really the contemporary of old Lady Blair, whom indeed uncle Anthony had jilted for her; also she thought it was still 1866 and mistook the nephew for the uncle. And Anthony fell in love with her and jilted Rose, and to fall in love with an immortal is inconvenient. A good farcical comedy following well-known precedents might perhaps have been made out of such material: treated with the author's seriousness and fitted with a tragic ending the story becomes at times somewhat grisly and at others tiresome.

"The Little Green Gate." By Stella Callaghan. London: Constable. 1911. 5s.

A garden and the little green gate which led to it are among the things which render Miss Callaghan's story so delightful. Thither went a woman who was tired because she had never had anything to do, and to the same spot followed a man who was weary since he had always done much. "We must cultivate our garden", said Candide, when that young gentleman had run through all the experiences possible to a man of the world, and in all ages there are those who repeat the words of Voltaire's hero. The two of this tale found consolation in the things which have always grown in gardens, but one of them had to go out through the little gate because the whole of life, except one episode, lay on the other side. Perhaps the other continued to tidy the flower beds, but the most perfect blossoms do not last for long, and the story is as short as their life. Dainty handling and loving reverence for all dreams and delusions are the characteristics of the author's work, but her manner is too refined to permit of languishing in a protracted outburst of sentimentality.

"The Courtier Stoops." By J. H. Yoxall. London: Smith, Elder. 1911. 6s.

According to the author of this novel, there are three blots upon the fair fame of Goethe, all of which one is

* Caroline, the wife of Ferdinand of Naples, was very unhappy, and Marie Antoinette was the wife of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

relieved to learn can be explained, if not rubbed out altogether. Certainly one needs to know but a little of the great poet's temper to understand his lack of enthusiasm for the welter of the French Revolution, and his failure to sing war-songs for Germany in his old age is as easily accounted for. The third respect in which the character of Goethe is said to need the explanation that is here offered is in the matter of his relation with Christiane Vulpius. The common query, "Whatever could he have seen in her?" is rather a bootless inquisition, even when raised upon the mating of men who are not geniuses, but undoubtedly it is of human interest. So we have the story of the affair, beginning with Privy Councillor Wolfgang's return from his Italian journey just before Christiane first appealed to the senses which, as we know from other blotted escutcheons, even great poets have. The eighteenth-century Weimar atmosphere is admirably caught, and Sir James Vossall's bold convention in making rustic Germans talk a generalised form of rustic English somehow does not interfere with it a bit.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Christian Church in Gaul." By T. Scott Holmes. London: Macmillan. 1911. 12s. net.

Canon Holmes undertook the lectures contained in the present volume from a desire to assist the study of the ecclesiastical history of early Britain. "For everything in the civilised world of the Roman Empire, Gaul was the threshold of Britain, and it is impossible to come to any conclusions as to what may or may not have been in this island until we know all we can know of what really had occurred and was in Gaul." The idea is excellent; but in the working of it out the author is guilty of one grave omission. Hardly a word is said on the settlement of the Kymric tribes in Armorica or their religious system, though surely a study of it would be specially germane to the subject. However, the Canon has given us a good book, though it is better in its earlier than in its later chapters. We owe him an interesting picture of the crash of Roman civilisation amid the barbarian invasions, and he gives us a charming sketch of Sidonius Appollinaris living the old classical life in the darkest age of the world. Of course he has something to say of Germanus, but he adds little to what we knew of his missions to Britain. The last chapter in the book is given to Columbanus. The Irish saint's life in Gaul throws a good deal of light on Celtic Christianity. It is shown that he had his difference with the Bishops of Gaul, but it is also explained that he considered himself an orthodox Christian in communion with Rome, and our author deals fairly with his famous letter to Gregory the Great.

"Sicily." Painted by Alberto Pisa; described by Spencer C. Musson. London: Black. 1911.

Painting Sicily seems bolder than painting the lily, but it must be said that the artist has here done some rich and delicate work which is reproduced as well, perhaps, as any colour process that is known so far allows. The pictures of Sicilian architecture and the interiors of churches are not very notable. The frontispiece, for example—the Capella Palatina at Palermo—is not especially remarkable. Perhaps the artist has made the mistake of trying to get too much of the amazing detail of the Capella on to his canvas; nor do the Monreale interiors impress one. But some of the landscapes, the gardens, seas and skies, are delightful, and the cloisters scene at S. Giovanni Degli Eremiti is good too. The text is well above the average of colour books. Mr. Musson writes clearly, and with sense and vigour. There are two or three pleasant references to an Englishman in Sicily—Mr. Whitaker. One feels he well deserves the high praise Mr. Musson pays him in this interesting book. Mr. Whitaker is not only a naturalist of wide knowledge and an antiquary of taste and generosity. He is truly a social reformer. The way he treats his workpeople is touched on by Mr. Musson with enthusiasm. Mr. Whitaker, indeed, worthily upholds the name and honour of England in Sicily.

Another book, a little one, on Sicily, is written with some distinction—and blessed is distinction at a time when books are turned out like sausages or soap. This is "Castellinaria and other Sicilian Diversions", by Henry Festing Jones (London: Fife, 6s. net). The author knows Sicily and its people, and his fancy is lively. He can sketch character and habit, and he has a capital description of the importance of the gesture in Sicily. A Sicilian has a whole vocabulary of gestures. Mr. Jones' account of the suffering of the

people in the earthquake is moving, but we think it not quite happy in a book of diversions.

"The Castles and Walled Towns of England." By Alfred Harvey. London: Methuen. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

This is one of the admirable series of "The Antiquary's Books", which is edited by an antiquary of repute, and contributed to by other experts. It would be easy to compile much readable information about castles and walled towns without any scientific conception of the subject. But Mr. Harvey considers it from this point of view, and shows from the origin and development of the castles, their geographical and topographical position, and their shape, the ideas they embodied for the defence of the kingdom. His account of them forms an instructive chapter in the art of war, and gives a vivid insight into one phase of mediæval England. With the enthusiasm of the professed antiquary he has visited most of the places he describes, and gives plans, elevations and pictures of a great number; though his object has not been to describe individual castles or walls, as such, but to select groups as illustrating his main purpose.

"Panama." By Albert Edwards. London: Macmillan. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

A fairly full and wholly picturesque account of Panama past and present. Some of Mr. Edwards' chapters have appeared in magazines and newspapers. He covers the history of Panama from the period when the buccaneers under Morgan made their name a terror to the Spaniards down to the cutting of the Canal, which he regards as proof that "the Spirit of American Enterprise is bigger than 'individual initiative'." It is a painstaking effort and American, plentifully illustrated from good photographs.

"The Compleat Angler." By Izaak Walton. With Illustrations in Colour by James Thorpe. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1911. 15s. net.

Mr. R. B. Marston in his "preliminary cast"—in other words, his introduction to this fine edition of Izaak Walton—describes the "Compleat Angler" as "the most famous and charming and quaint discourse on rivers, fish-ponds, fish and fishing ever written". Mr. James Thorpe's illustrations are the work of one who is almost as keen an observer as Izaak Walton himself. "A mighty pretty book", as Dr. Johnson said.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15me Decembre.

Readers interested in foreign affairs will turn at once to the instalment of Crispi's "Memoirs", shortly to be published, with which this number opens. It consists of letters from Crispi to Depretis and King Victor Emmanuel, written from Paris, Berlin, London, and Vienna, giving an account of the mission by which the foundations of the Triplice were laid. This mission took place in the autumn of 1877, at the moment when the elections resulting from MacMahon's coup d'état were still undecided and the war between Turkey and Russia was in progress. Italy feared that a royalist victory in France would mean an attack on her to reinstate the Temporal Power. Bismarck was ready to ally Germany with Italy to prevent this, but not as against Austria. It was also rumoured, which was true, that Russia, to keep Austria quiet, had suggested to her to take Bosnia-Herzegovina. Both Bismarck and Lord Derby said "take Albania", advice easier to give than follow. There is no other article of striking interest.

For this Week's Books see page 808.

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The accounts were received and adopted. Mr. Edward Comp-ton was re-elected a director of the Company and Messrs. Tur-quand, Youngs and Co. were re-elected auditors.

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